



DEFIANT

8

MARCH

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SPECIAL
40 PAGE
ISSUE!

WARRIORS OF PLASM



CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

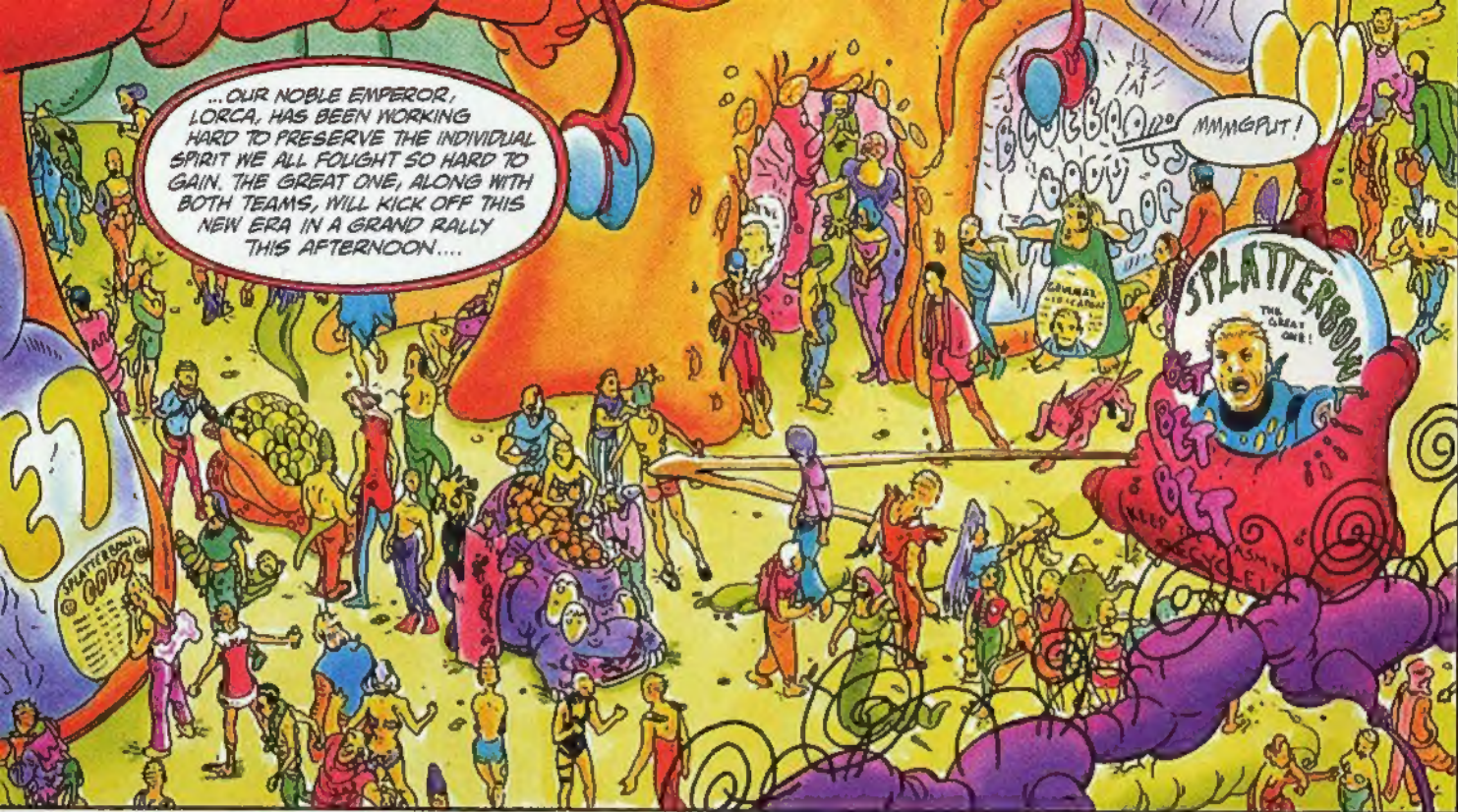
WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND INKED BY
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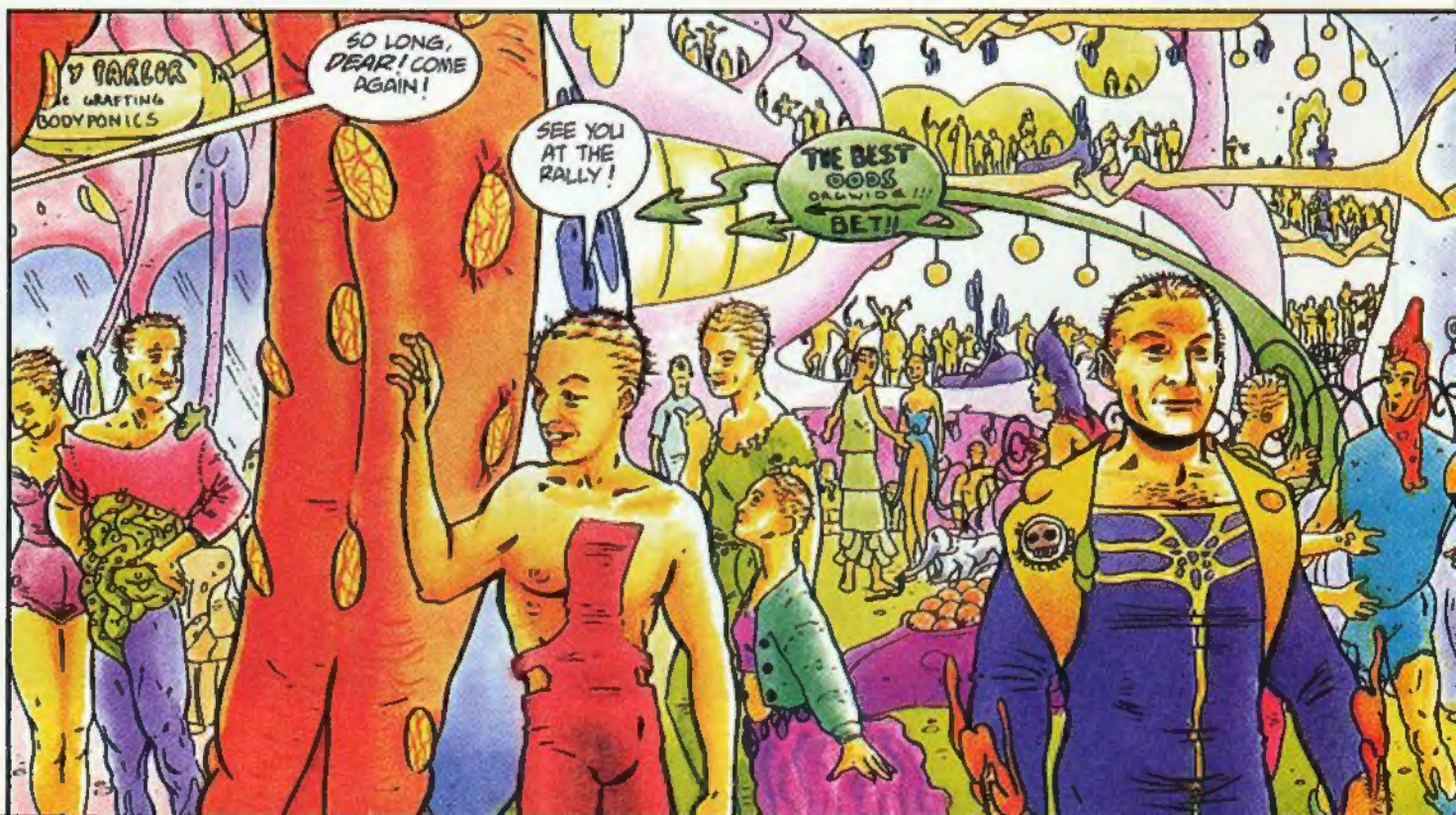
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J. BROWN

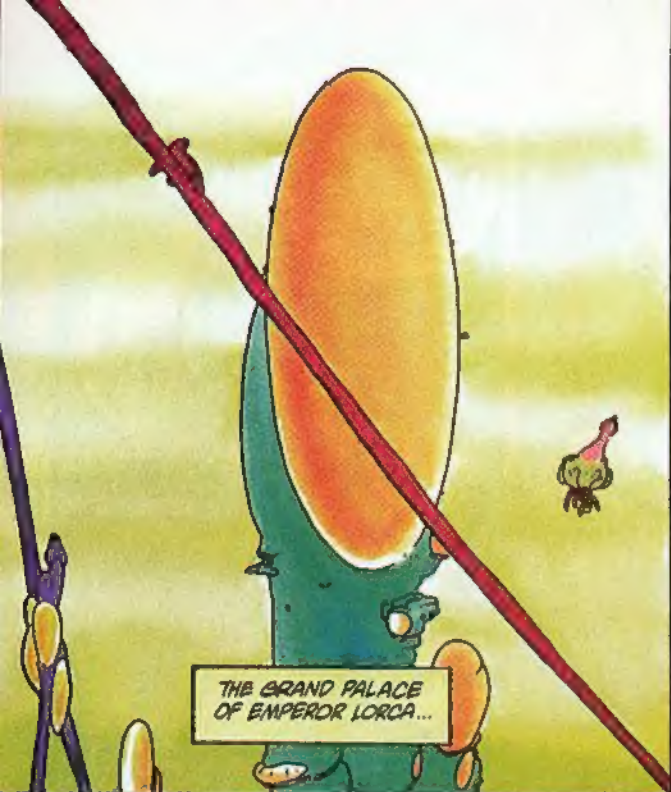
LETTERED BY
CLEM ROBINS

EDITED BY
DEBORAH PURCELL









THE GRAND PALACE
OF EMPEROR LORCA...

...OVER A TRILLION MEGAVATS OF NEW RESOURCES.
OF COURSE, A LARGE PORTION OF THAT WAS TAKEN BY
THE ORG TO HEAL ITS RATHER SUBSTANTIAL WOUNDS,
BUT THAT STILL LEAVES ENOUGH PLASM TO KEEP THE
SYSTEM GOING FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

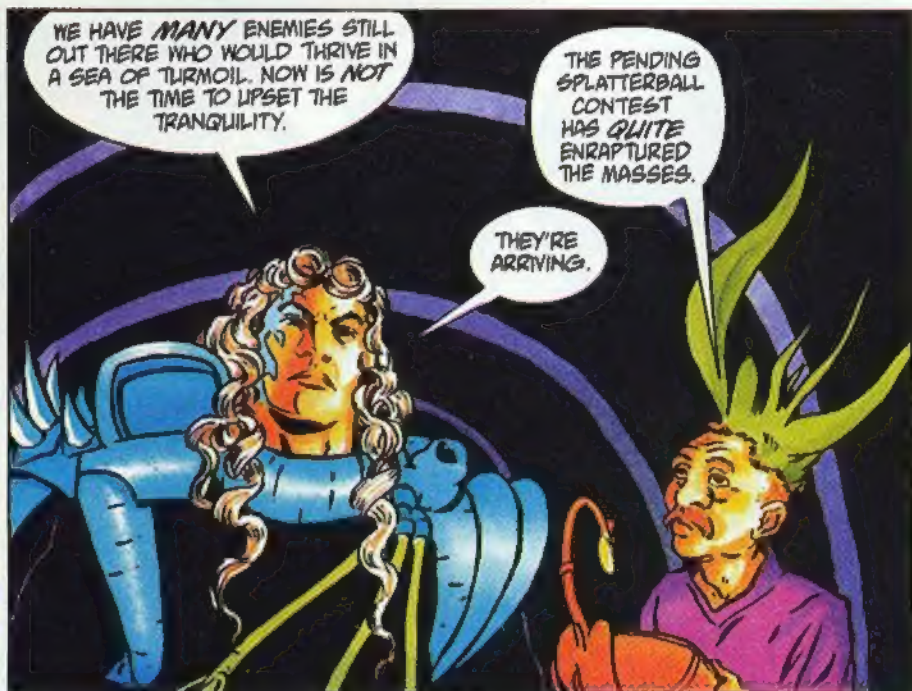


HAVE ALL THE PRISONERS BEEN
PROCESSED?



BEING
MULCHED EVEN
AS WE SPEAK,
EMPEROR.

THINGS HAVE
LOOKED VERY
BLEAK RECENTLY,
YIZIER. NOW THAT
THE PEOPLE
HAVE CALMED, KEEP
THE PLASM FLOWING
GENEROUSLY.



WE HAVE *MANY* ENEMIES STILL
OUT THERE WHO WOULD THRIVE IN
A SEA OF TURMOIL. NOW IS *NOT*
THE TIME TO UPSET THE
TRANQUILITY.

THE PENDING
SPLATTERBALL
CONTEST HAS *QUITE*
ENRAPTURED
THE MASSES.

THEY'RE
ARRIVING.



THE
EARTH
HEROES...

KEEP SILENT,
YIZIER. THIS MAY
NOT GO WELL.



I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET USED TO THIS. ONE SECOND, EARTH--THE NEXT, PLASM.

SURE THROWS YOU FOR A LOOP. WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER, MRS. J.



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MARTIN. HOW MANY GRANDMAS DO YOU KNOW WHO CAN BENCH PRESS AN ELEPHANT?

TOUCHÉ.

LORCA! WE ARRIVED AS SOON AS WE COULD. IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

THINGS SEEM TO BE UNDER CONTROL NOW, BUT IT WAS VERY BAD FOR A WHILE.

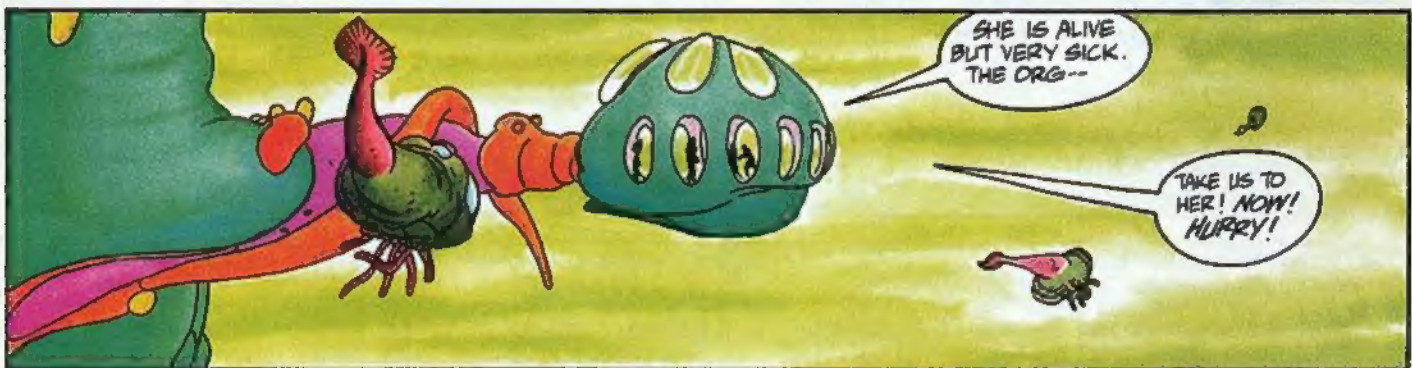


THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT WAR! THE ORG WAS ATTACKED BY THREE ALIEN WORLDS. BILLIONS OF ENEMY FORCES ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING US. TERRORISTS WITHIN USED THIS TURMOIL TO ATTEMPT TO GAIN CONTROL. YOUR EARTH COMPANIONS WERE GREAT HEROES.

ARE THEY OKAY?

NUDGE! WHAT ABOUT NUDGE?

SHOOTER AND MOUSE BRAVELY DEFENDED THE ORG. THEY ARE WITH HIGH GORELORD SUBRACEEN PURSUING MONGREL RUDE AND HIS TERRORISTS. MANY THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. YOU MUST LET ME EXPLAIN....



SHE IS ALIVE BUT VERY SICK. THE ORG--

TAKE US TO HER! NOW! HURRY!



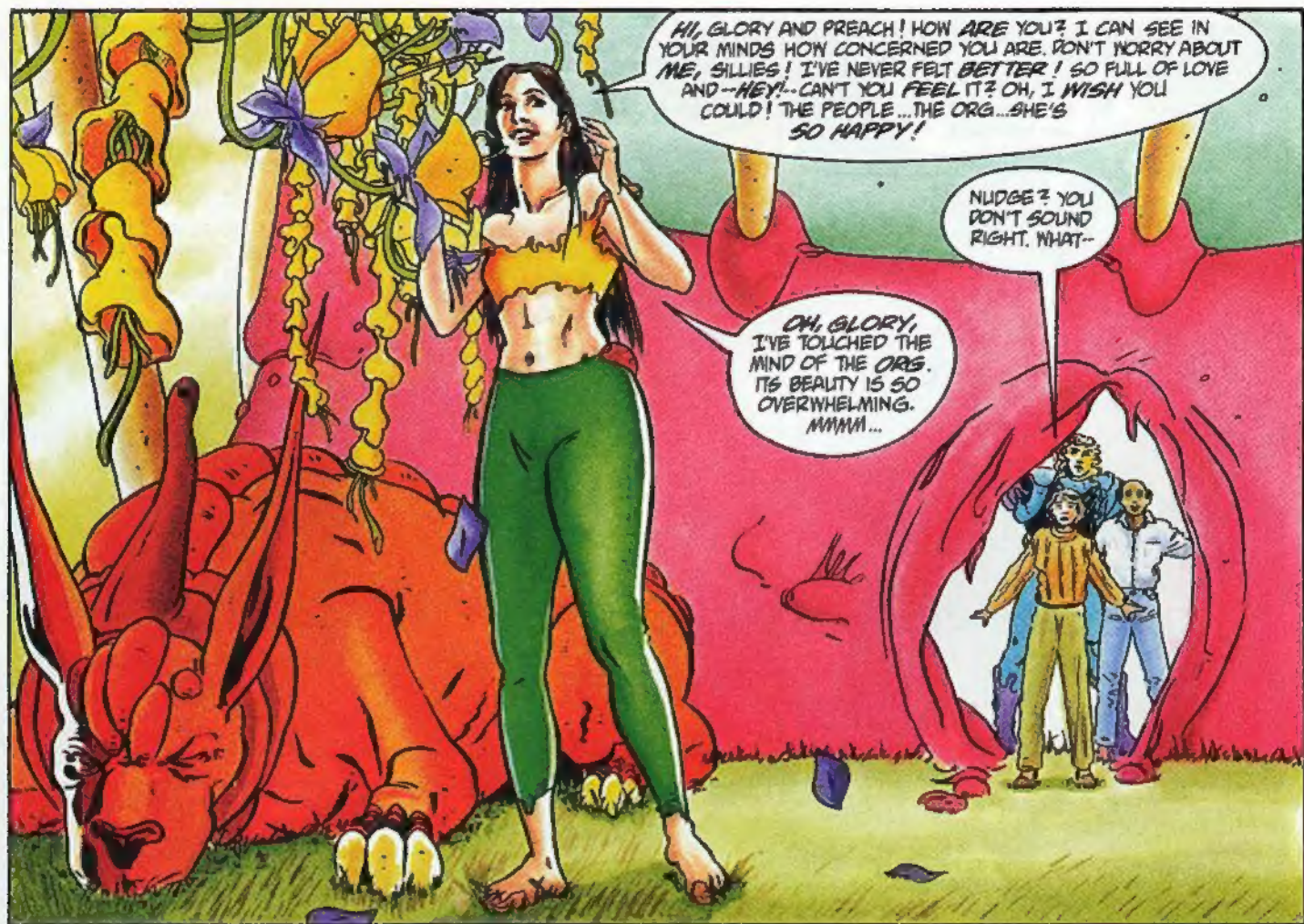
SOON...

SHE IS INSIDE, BUT FIRST--

COOKIE!



NUDGE?



HI, GLORY AND PREACH! HOW ARE YOU? I CAN SEE IN YOUR MINDS HOW CONCERNED YOU ARE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SILLIES! I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER! SO FULL OF LOVE AND--HEY!--CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? OH, I WISH YOU COULD! THE PEOPLE...THE ORG...SHE'S SO HAPPY!

NUDGE? YOU DON'T SOUND RIGHT. WHAT--

OH, GLORY, I'VE TOUCHED THE MIND OF THE ORG. ITS BEAUTY IS SO OVERWHELMING. MMMM...



HURRY! THE SPLATTERBALL RALLY IS STARTING!

WHY ARE YOU SO NERVOUS, LORCA?

GLORY WILL UNDERSTAND. GLORY ALWAYS UNDERSTANDS!

IT'S WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT!

WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, LORCA?



HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG. SPLATTERBALL MAKES THE PEOPLE SOOO HAPPY! THE ORG LOVES US... WE'RE ALL A PART OF HER. IT MAKES EVERYTHING MUCH EASIER WHEN YOU BELIEVE. EVERYONE BELIEVES.

OH...EXCEPT THAT POOR GRIMMAX FELLOW. HE'S VERY IMPORTANT! SO I'VE BEEN HELPING HIM. COME WATCH THE RALLY...

...AND I'LL HELP YOU, TOO.



SWEETIE, NO! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? YOU CAN'T DO THIS.

BUT THE VOICES. I CAN HEAR EVERYONE! IT FEELS SO GOOD WHEN THEY'RE SO HAPPY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.

SHHHH... NO, HONEY. COME HERE...



SKULLRENDERS VS. BLOODMONEYS
THE GREAT SPLATTERBOWL RALLY
REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIAL LYCEUM



...AN' I WILL PEEL HIS NODES,
AN' CONSUME HIS SPLEEN AN' HIS
INTESTINES AN' BLADDER AN'...

BOOO...

BRING ON GRIMMAX!

...AN' THAT'S ALL! THE REST
IS JUNK! GRIMMAX IS ALL USED-
UP JUNK! SO'S HIS WHOLE TEAM!
SCUM-BLUMS!

GOT THAT
RIGHT.



OH...AN' HIS LIVER, TOO...BUT THAT'S
IT! I'M STRONGER, FASTER, AND
BETTER-LOOKING THAN YOU!

HUH?



HEY,
MAN.

YOU
CAN'T SAY
THAT!



TELL HIM
HE CAN'T
SAY THAT!

YOU'D
BETTER BE
ABLE TO
BACK UP
YOUR TALK,
MAASH,
OR...

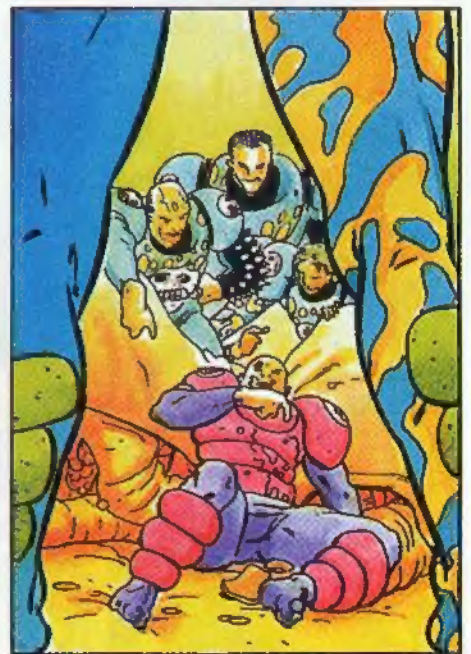


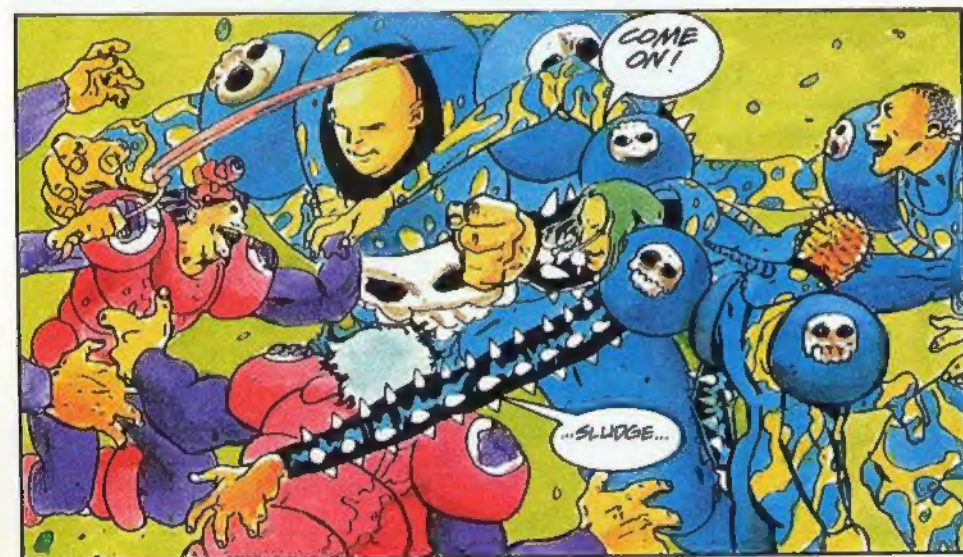
...OR...



I'LL
SHOW
YOU!!







MEANWHILE, BACK AT
THE GRAND PALACE
OF EMPEROR LORCA..

LORCA!
I WANT A
FEW WORDS
WITH YOU!



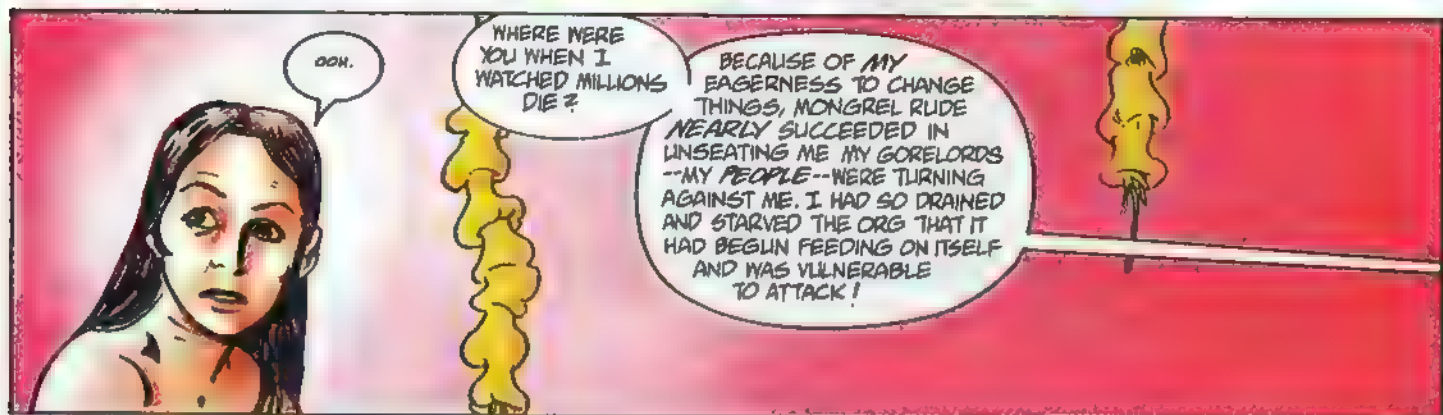
WHAT, IN THE
NAME OF GOD, IS
GOING ON?

WHAT ELSE
HAVE YOU
DONE?



EXACTLY WHAT
I HAD TO DO!

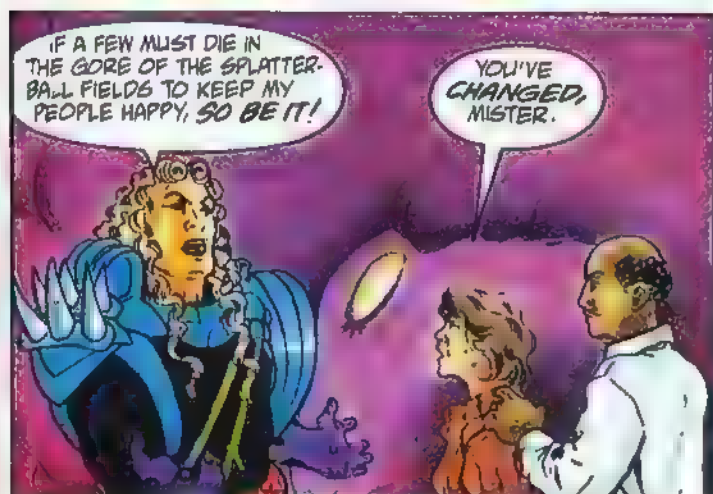
I'VE MULCHED
BILLIONS OF WAR
PRISONERS, MADE
REBELLION A CAPITAL
CRIME, AND, YES, I'VE
BROUGHT BACK A GAME
--A GAME THAT KEEPS
THE PEOPLE QUIET AND
CONTENT!



OOH.

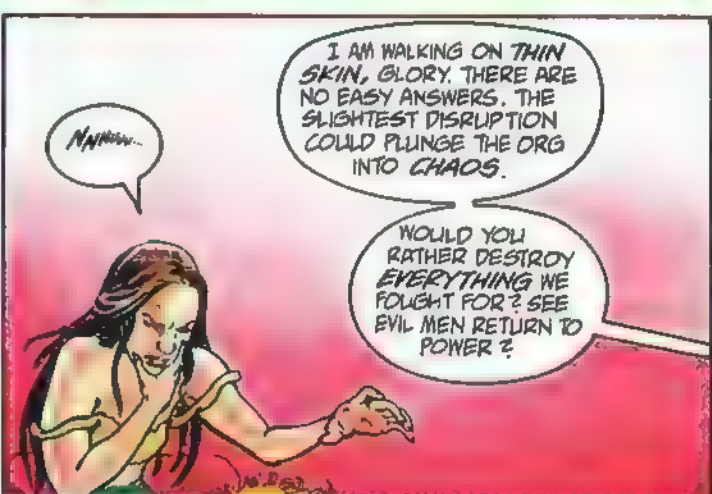
WHERE WERE
YOU WHEN I
WATCHED MILLIONS
DIE?

BECAUSE OF MY
EAGERNESS TO CHANGE
THINGS, MONGREL RUDE
NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN
UNSEATING ME MY GORELORDS
--MY PEOPLE--WERE TURNING
AGAINST ME. I HAD SO DRAINED
AND STARVED THE ORG THAT IT
HAD BEGUN FEEDING ON ITSELF
AND WAS VULNERABLE
TO ATTACK!



IF A FEW MUST DIE IN
THE GORE OF THE SPLATTER-
BALL FIELDS TO KEEP MY
PEOPLE HAPPY, SO BE IT!

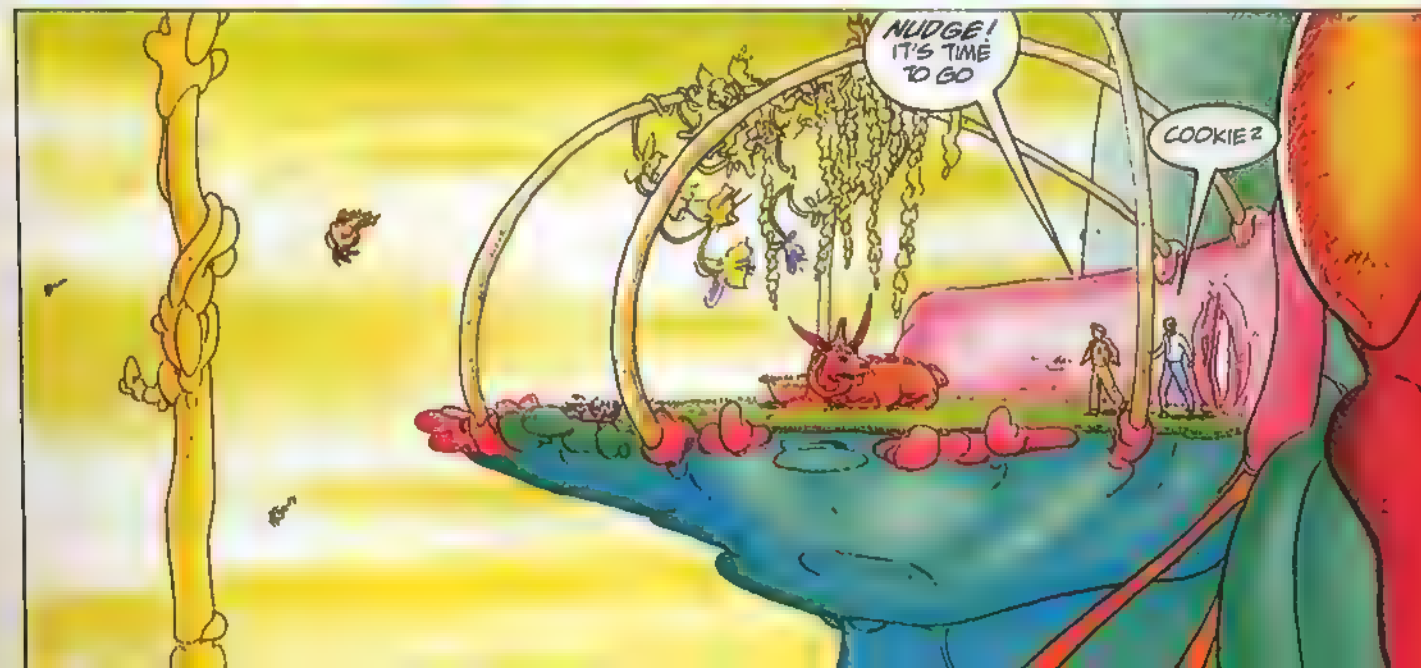
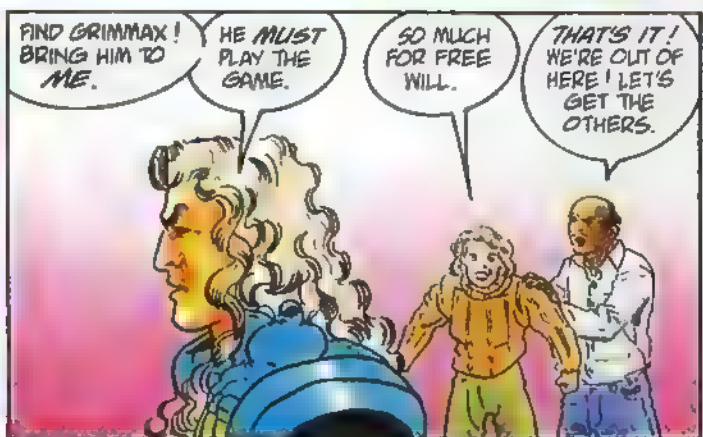
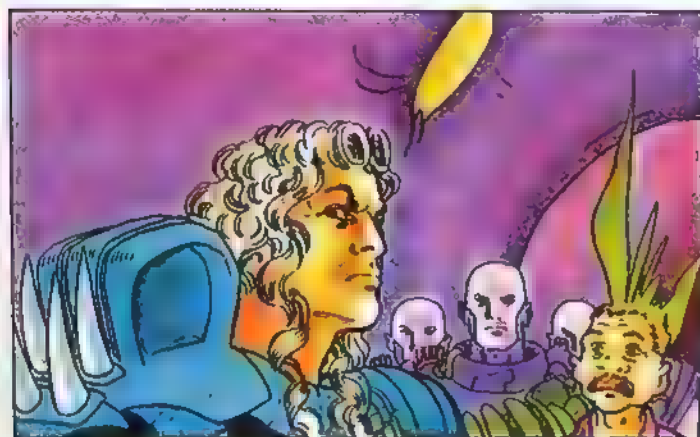
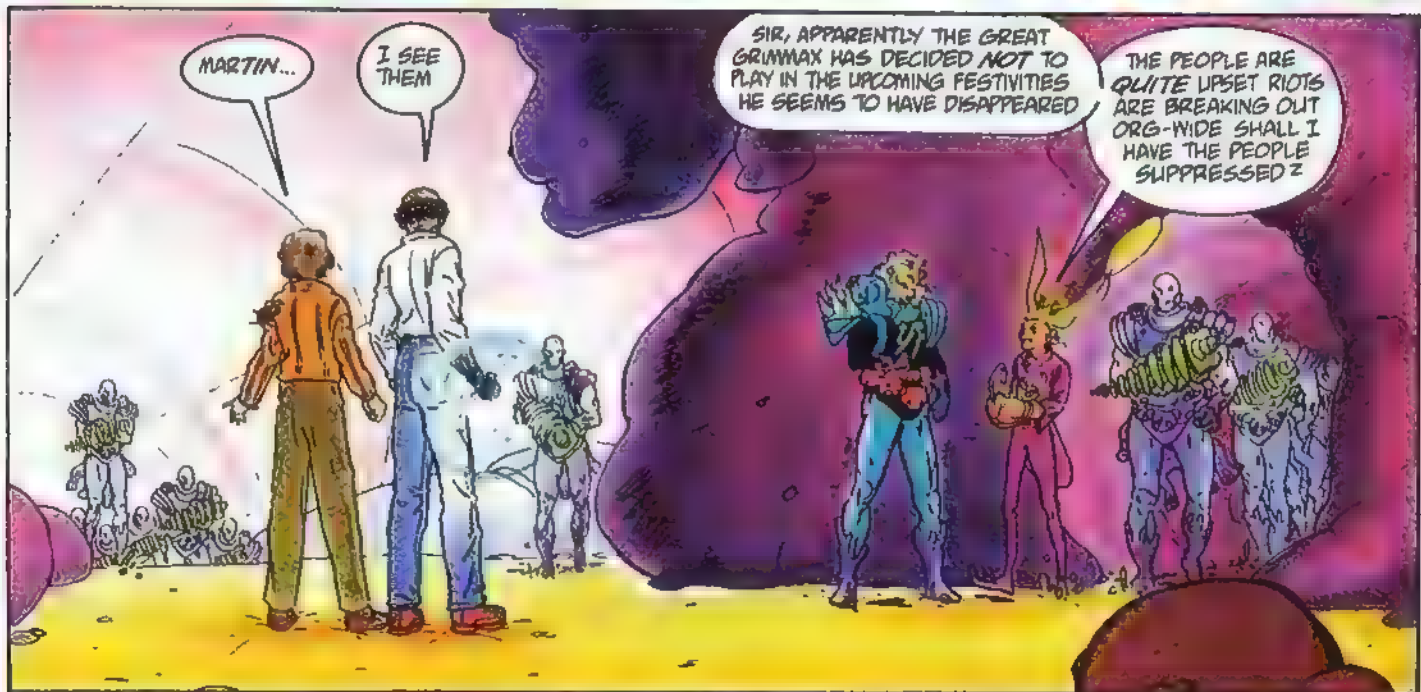
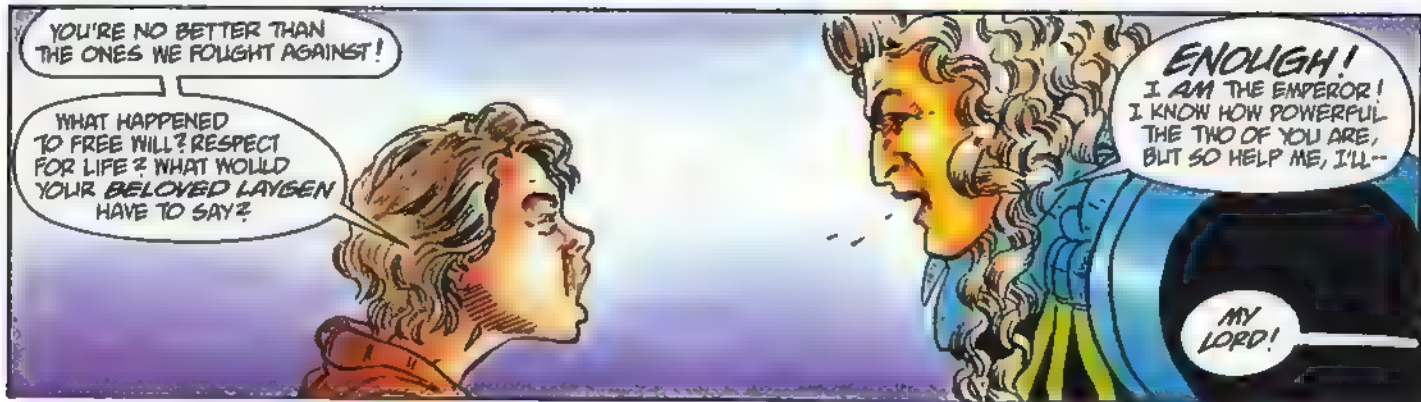
YOU'VE
CHANGED,
MISTER.

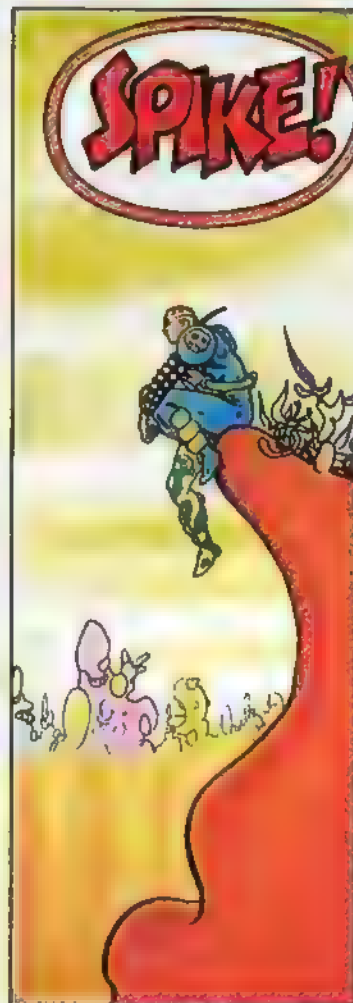
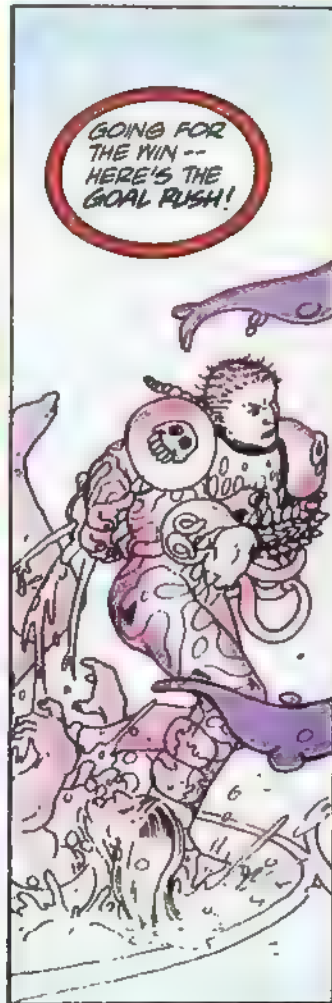


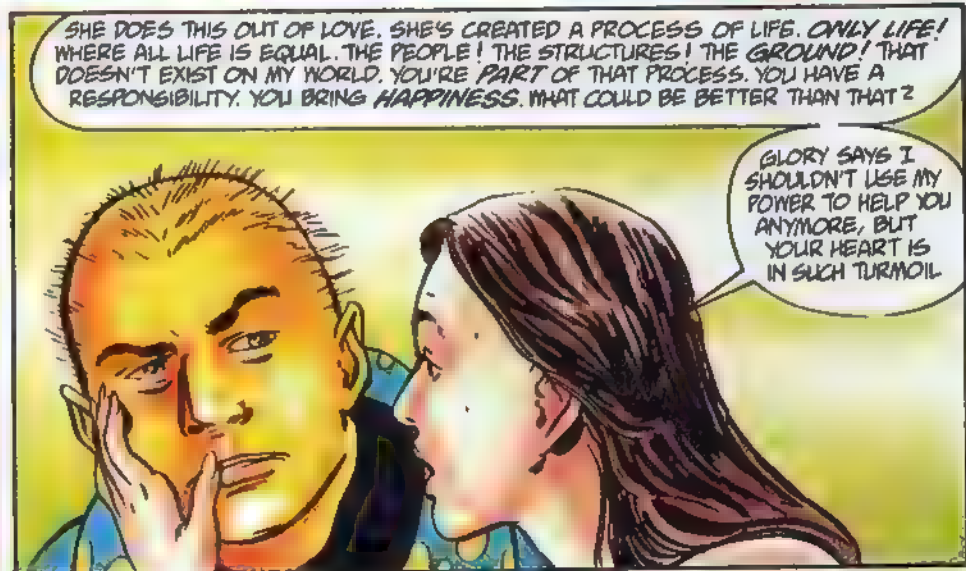
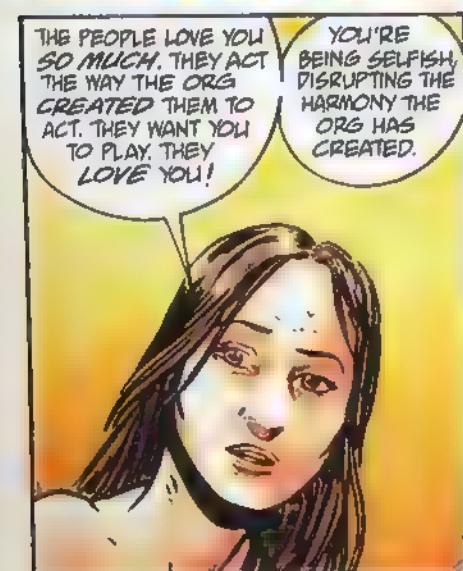
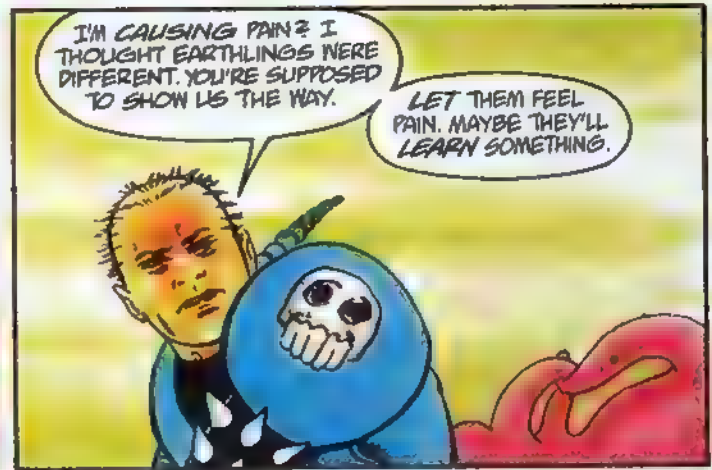
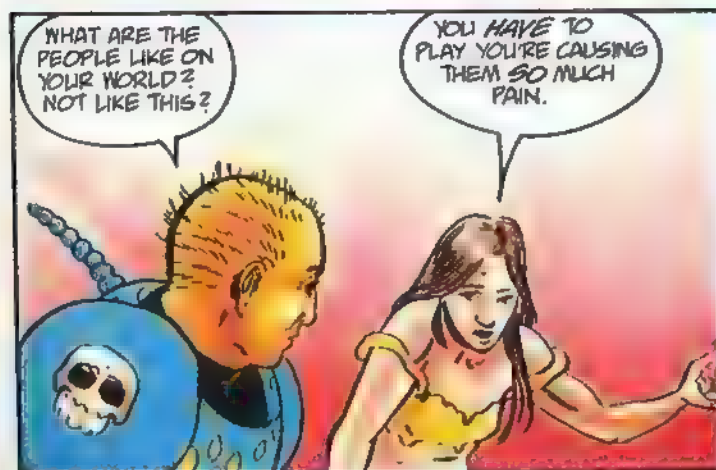
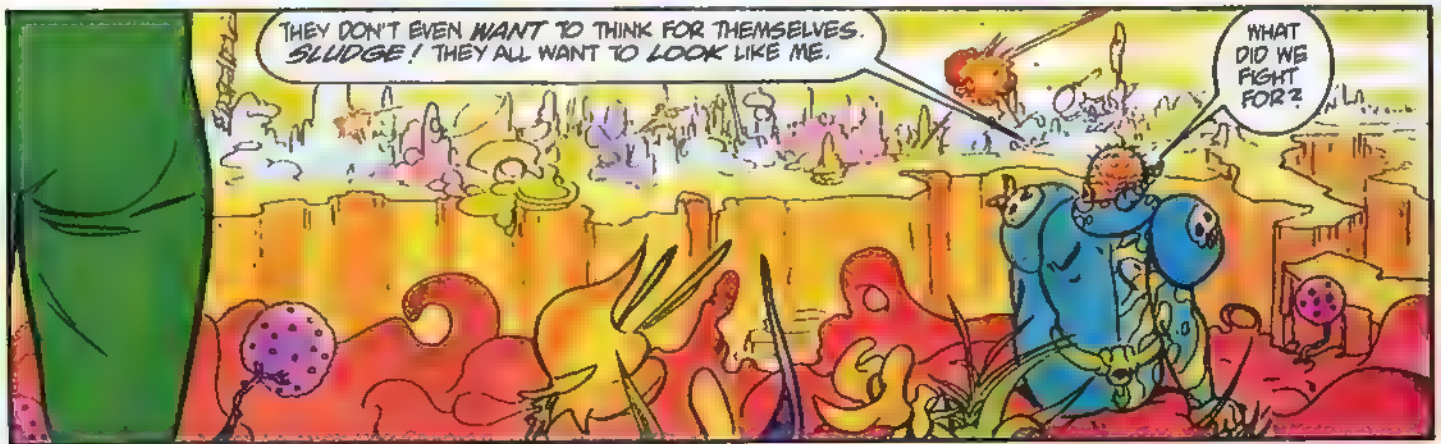
Nnnnn...

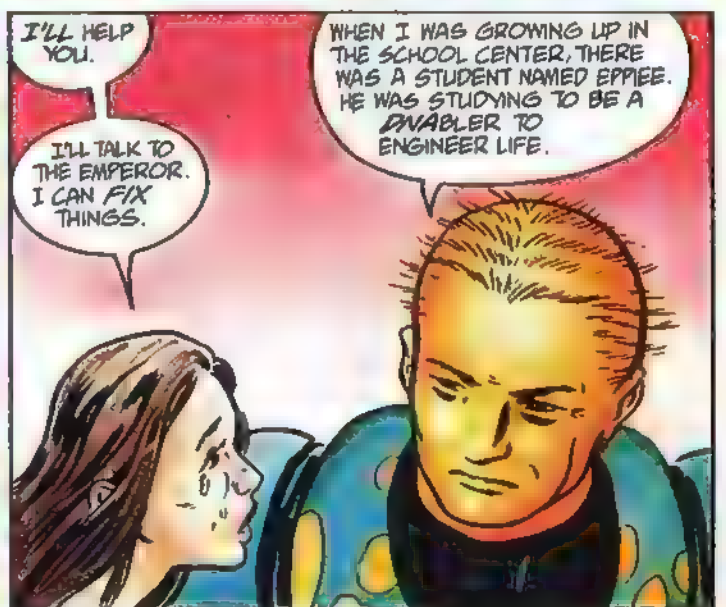
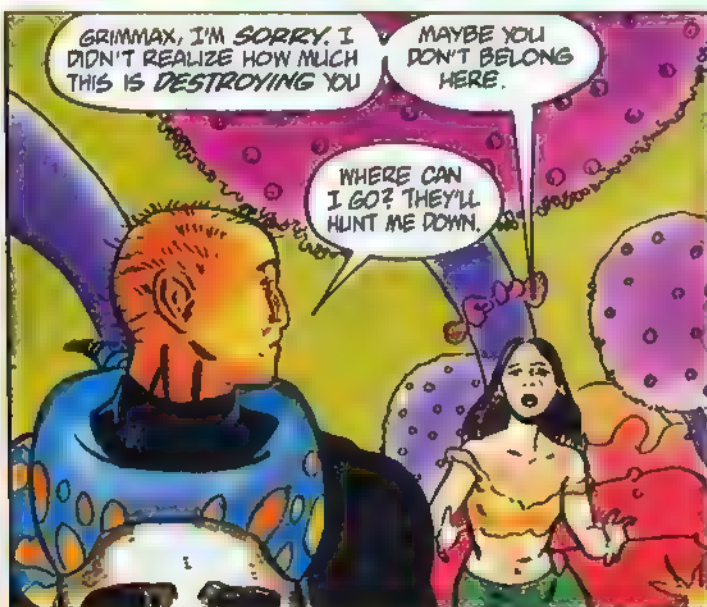
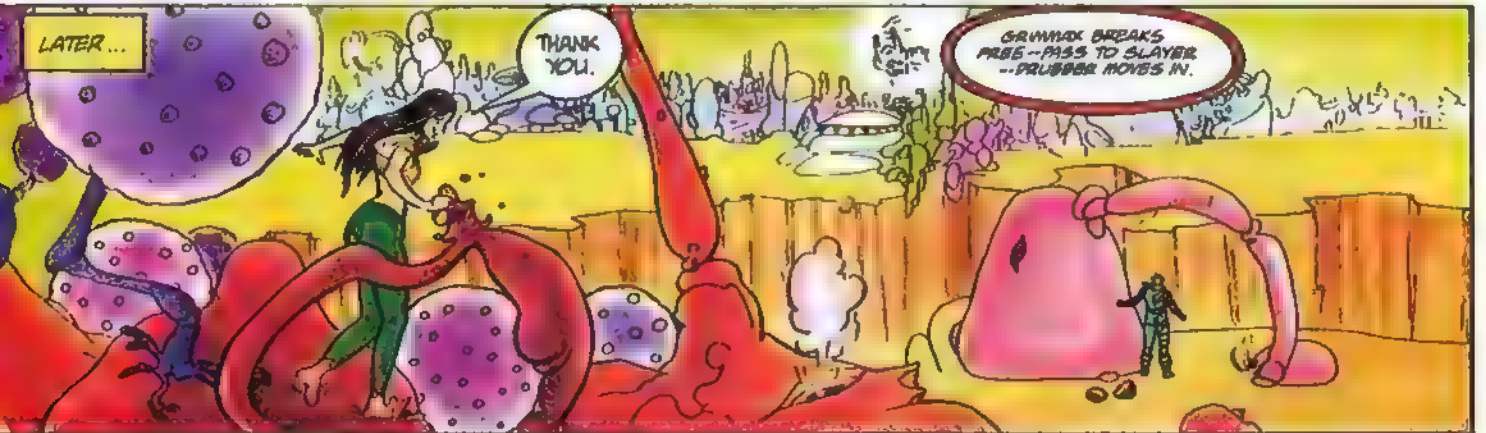
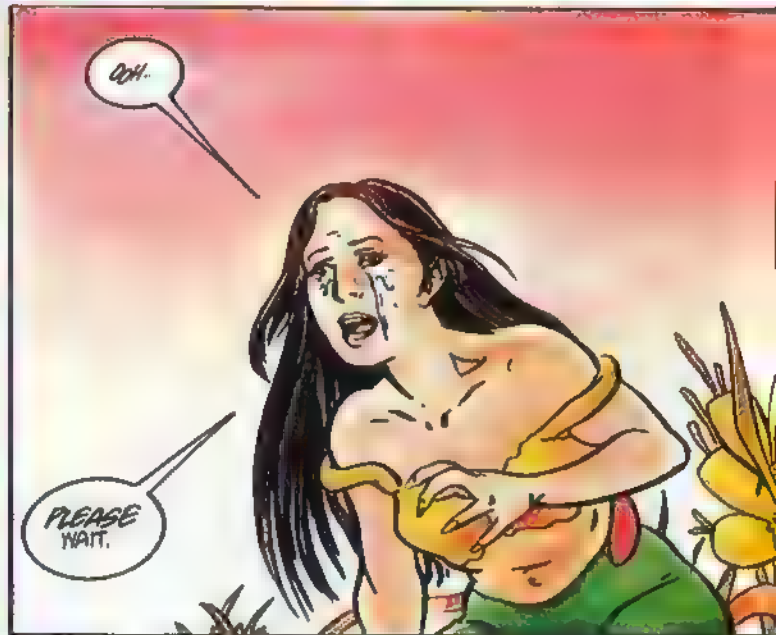
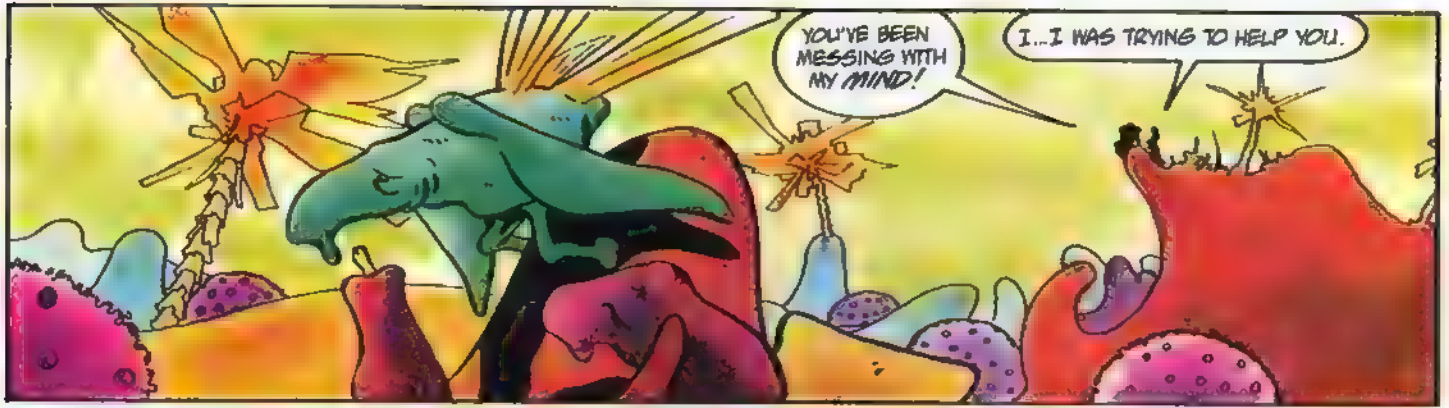
I AM WALKING ON *THIN*
SKIN, GLORY. THERE ARE
NO EASY ANSWERS. THE
SLIGHTEST DISRUPTION
COULD PLUNGE THE ORG
INTO CHAOS.

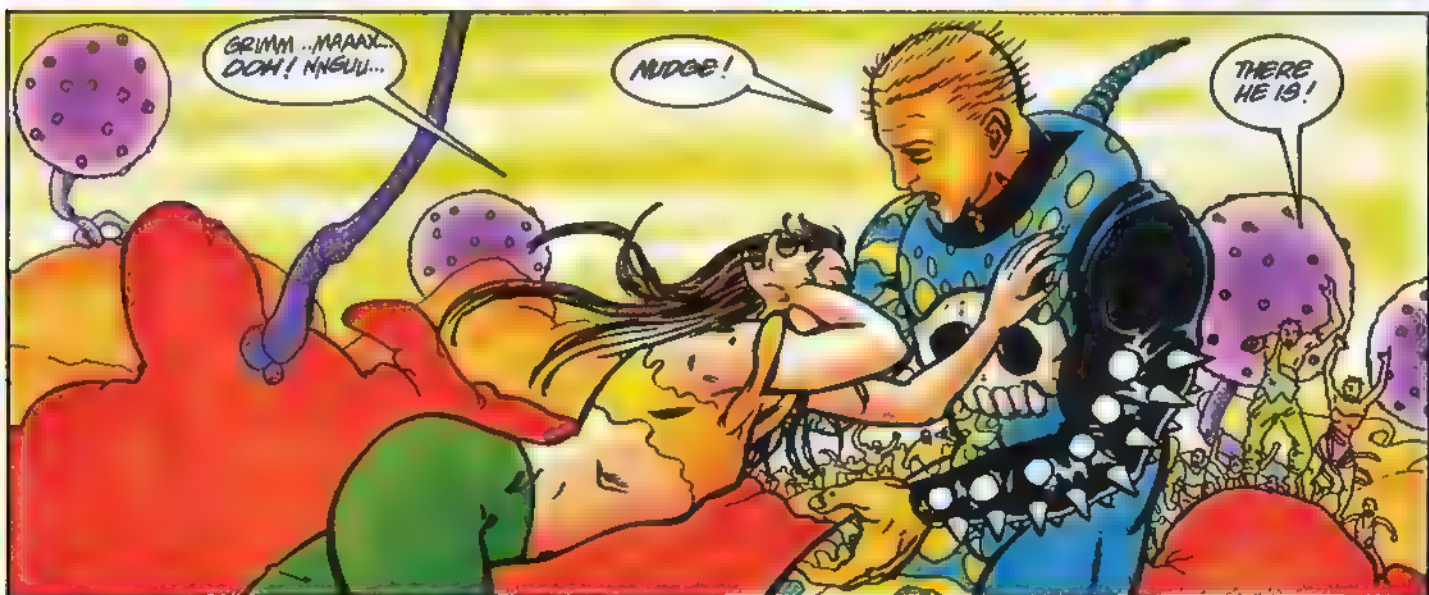
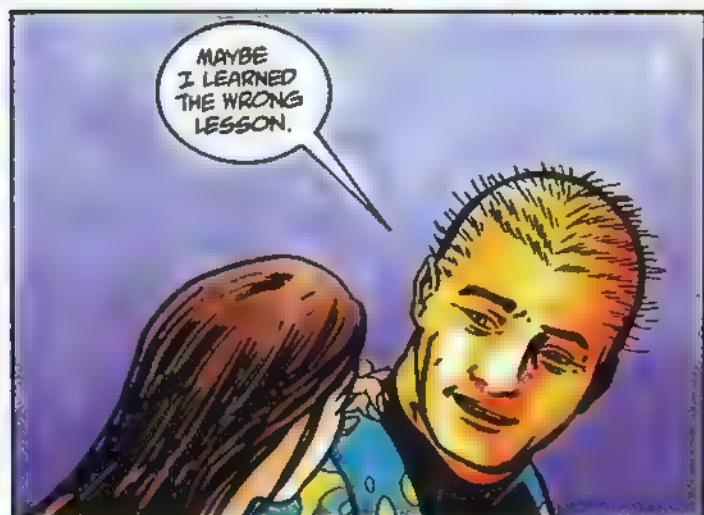
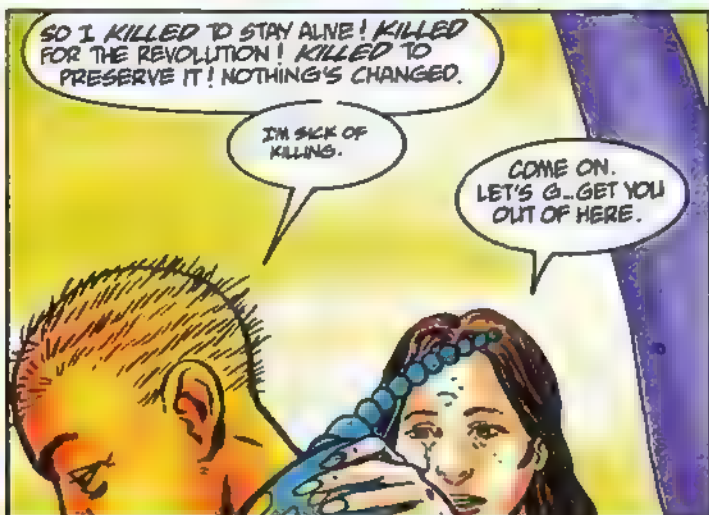
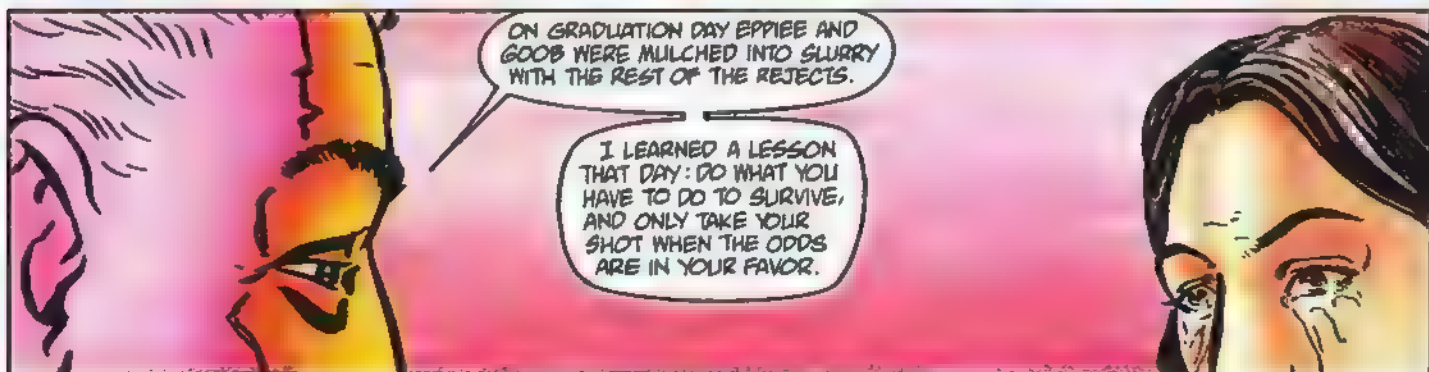
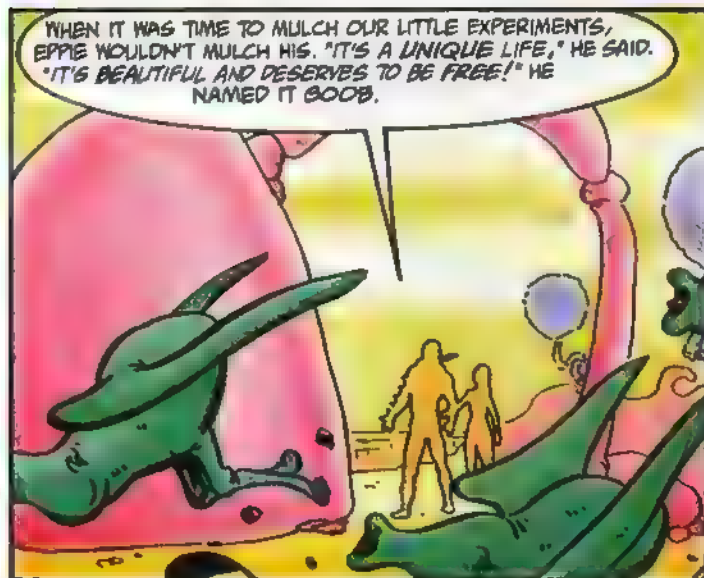
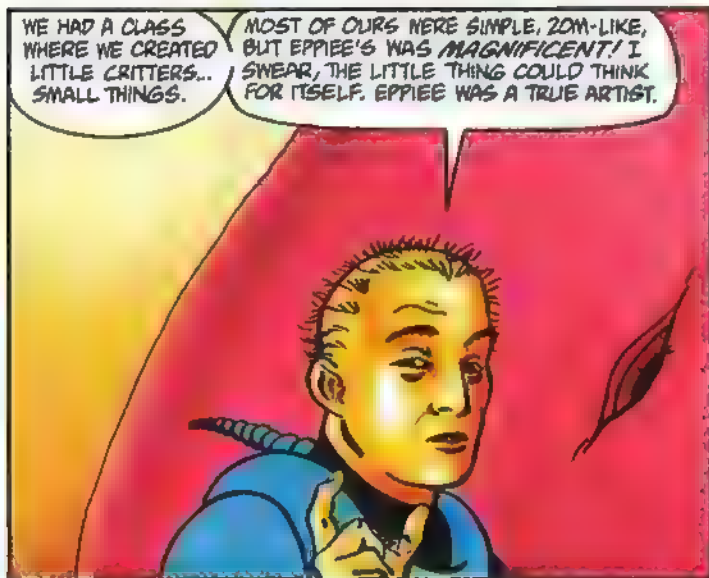
WOULD YOU
RATHER DESTROY
EVERYTHING WE
FOUGHT FOR? SEE
EVIL MEN RETURN TO
POWER?

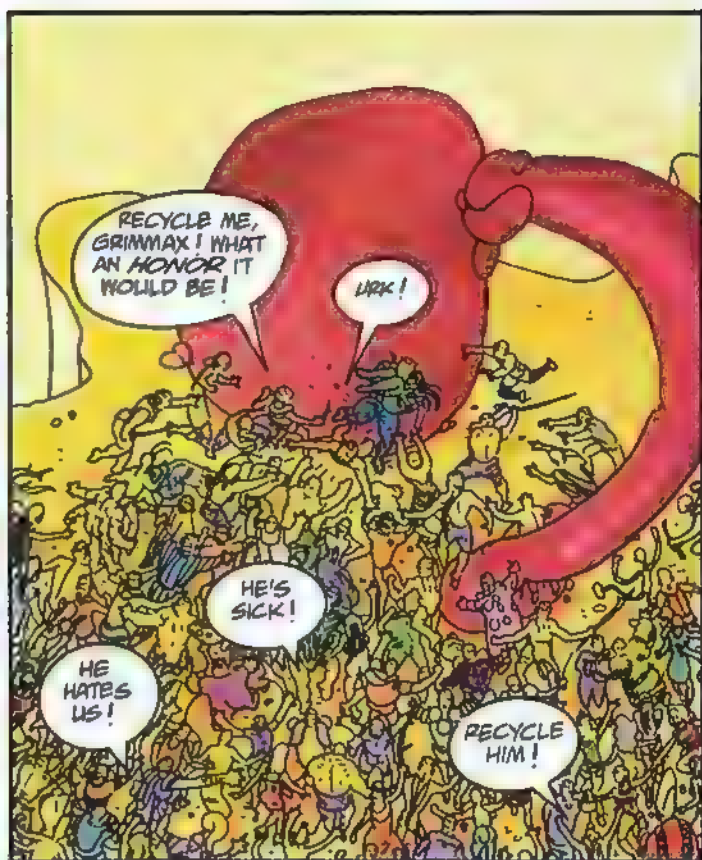


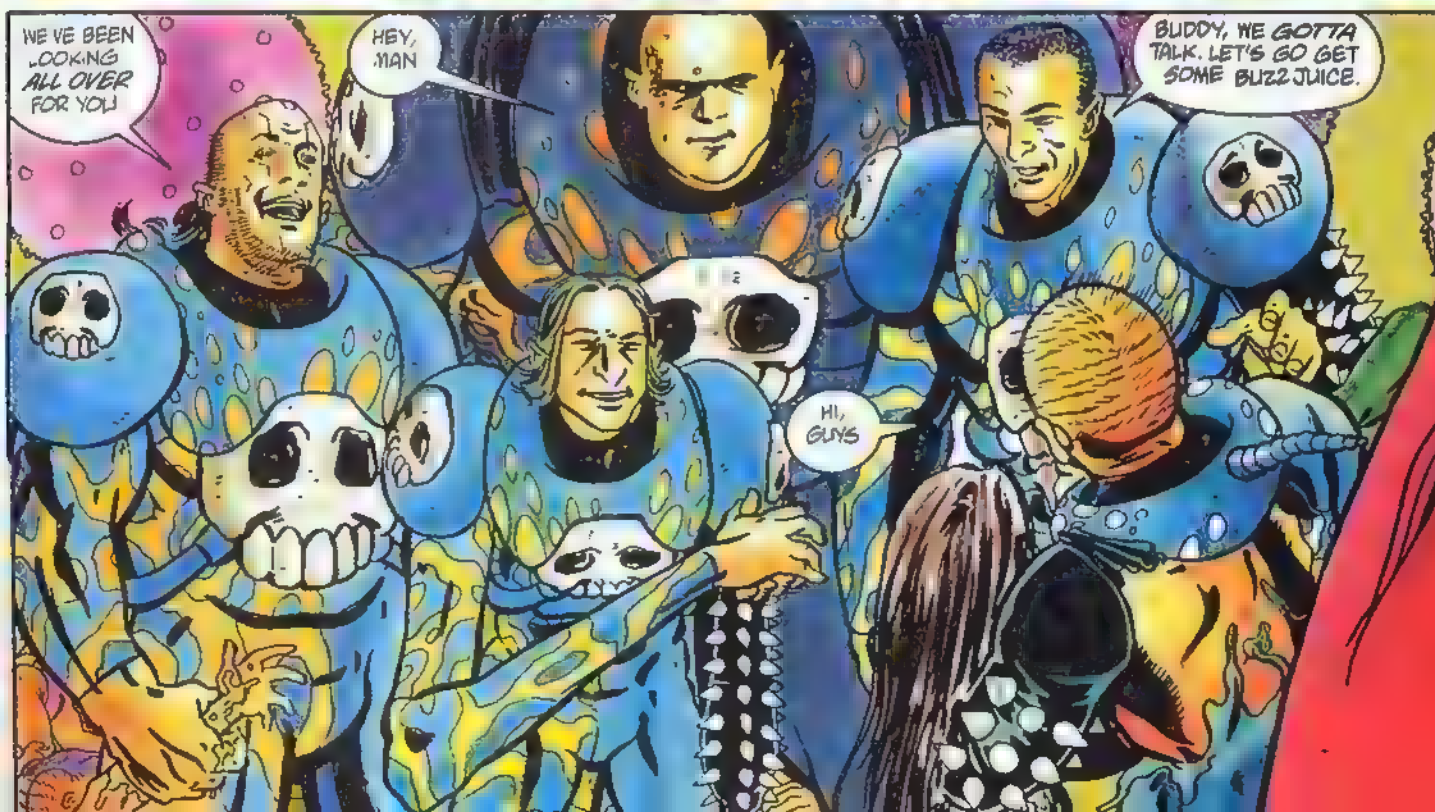












THE HIDDEN BURROW OF THE MONGRELS...

IT'S GORELORD
SUEFACEEN! WE'VE
BEEN FOUND OUT!

WHAT
NOW,
RUDE?

SCATTER! DON'T
LET THEM TAKE YOU
ALIVE! BETTER TO
RETURN TO THE ORG
AND WAIT TO LIVE
ANOTHER DAY!

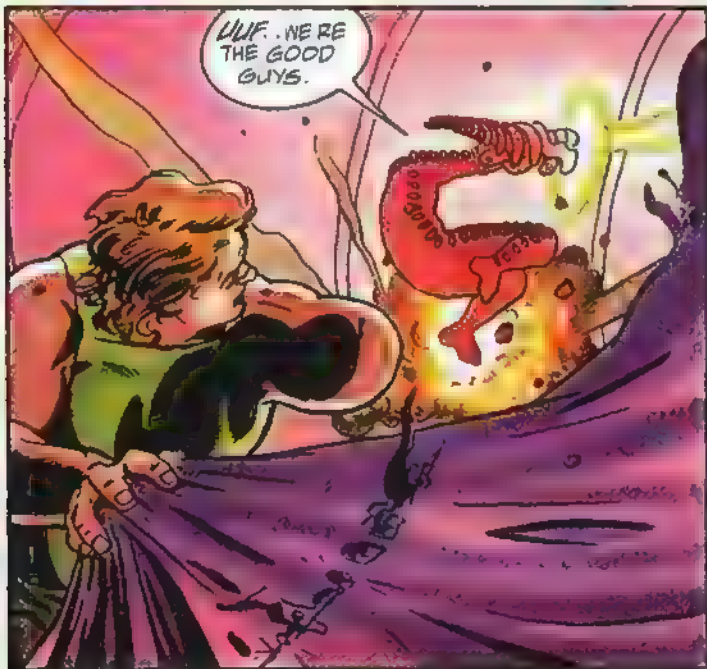
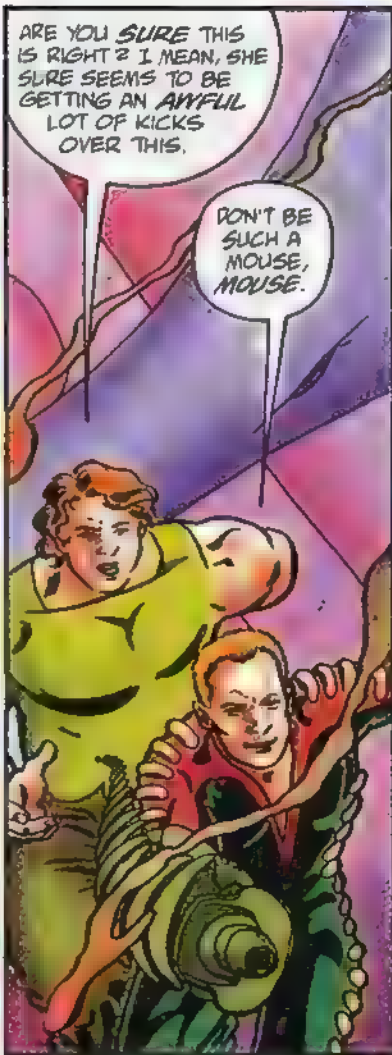
NOT FAR AWAY..

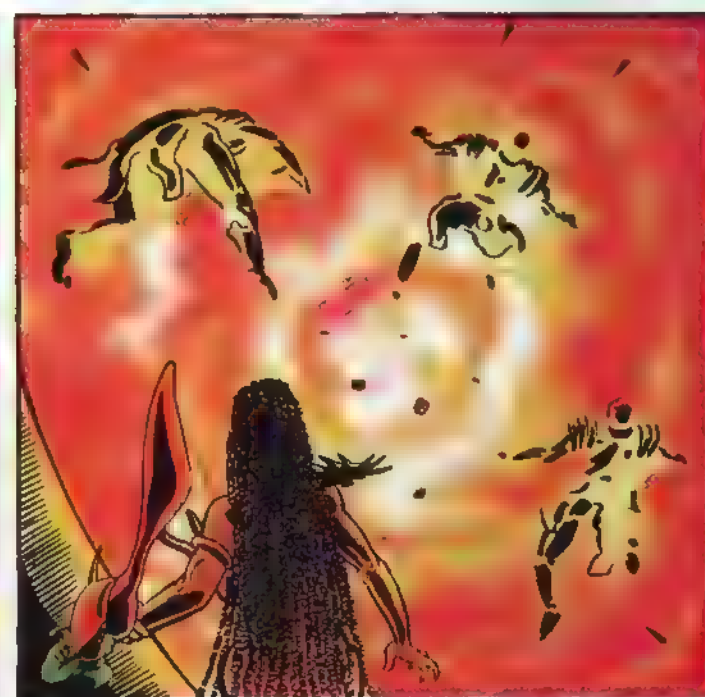
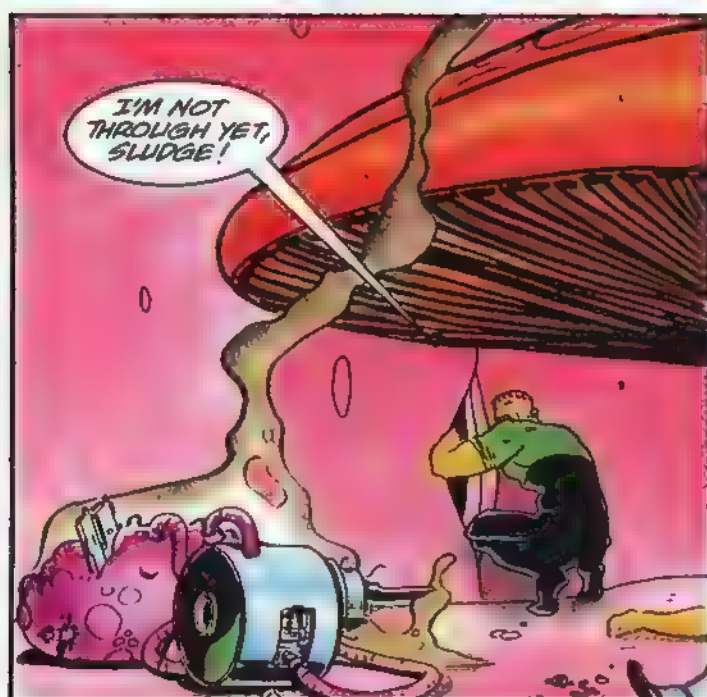
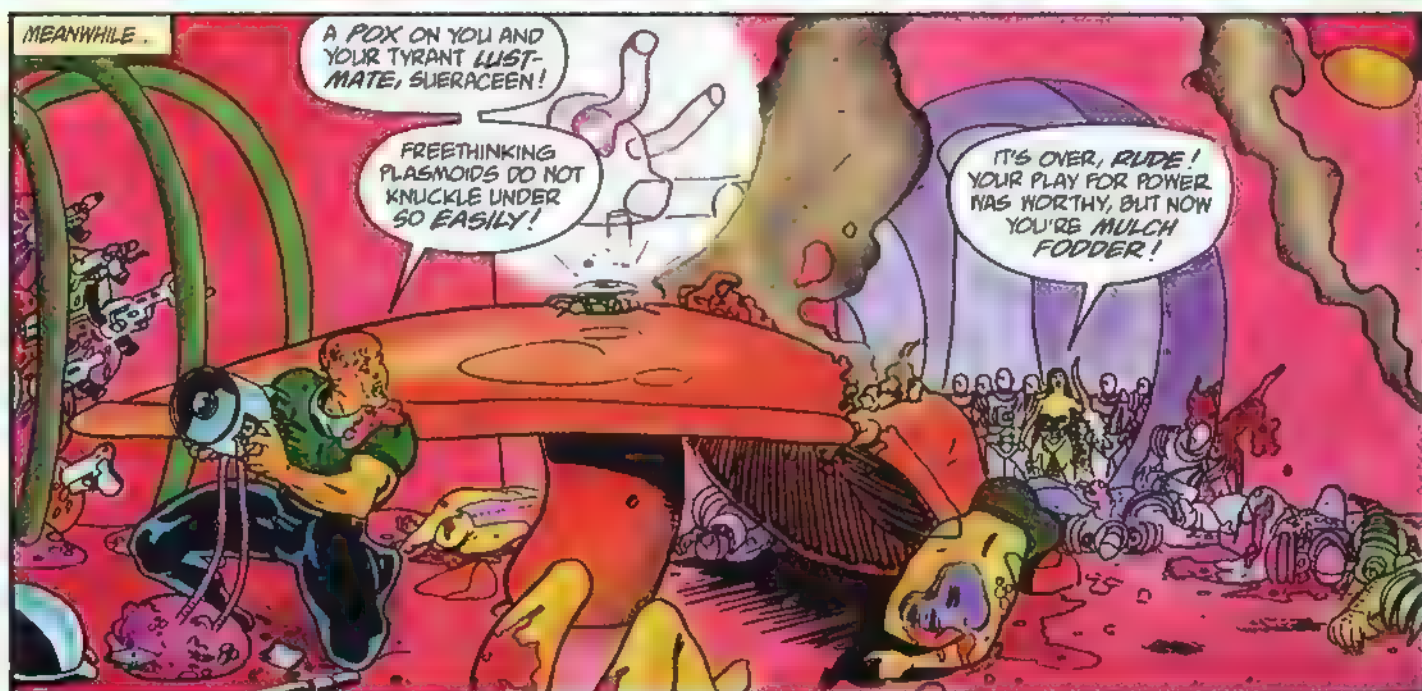
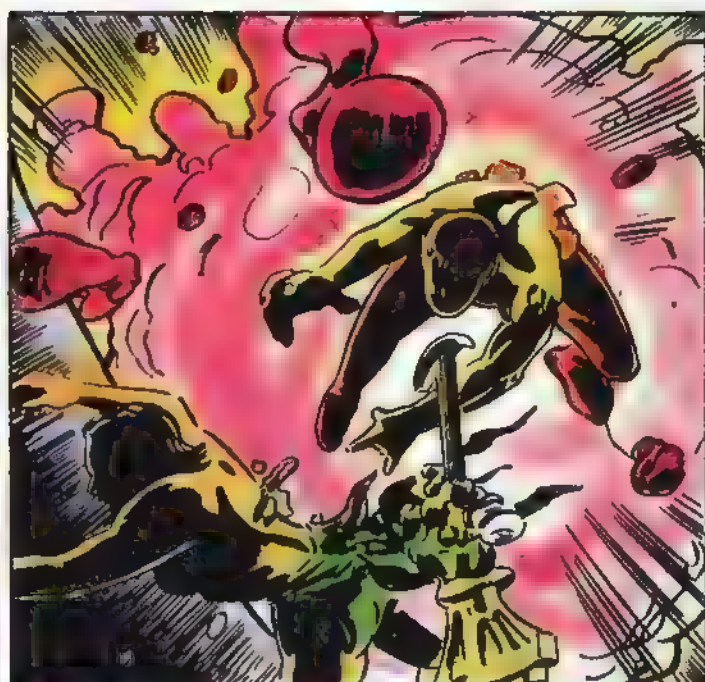
ALL RIGHT, WE'VE
GOT THIS SECTION LOCKED
DOWN. THEY'RE ON THE
RUN!

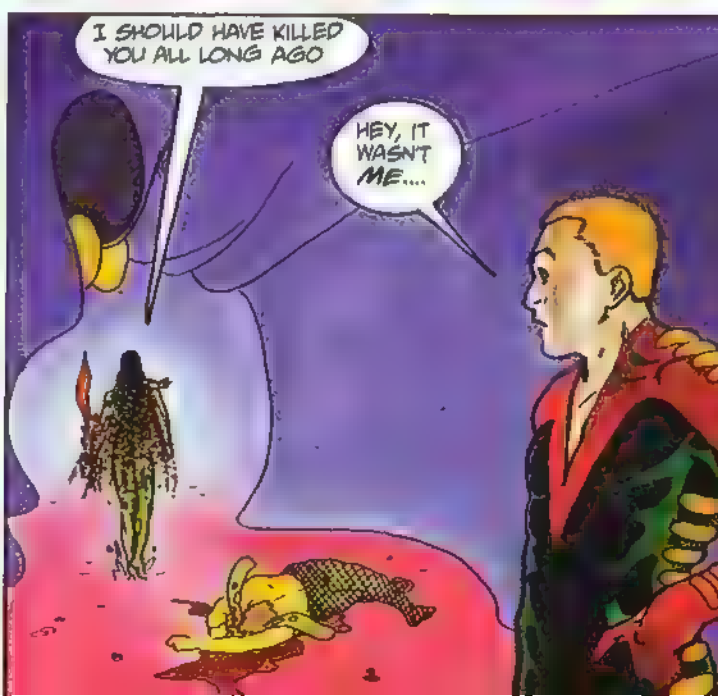
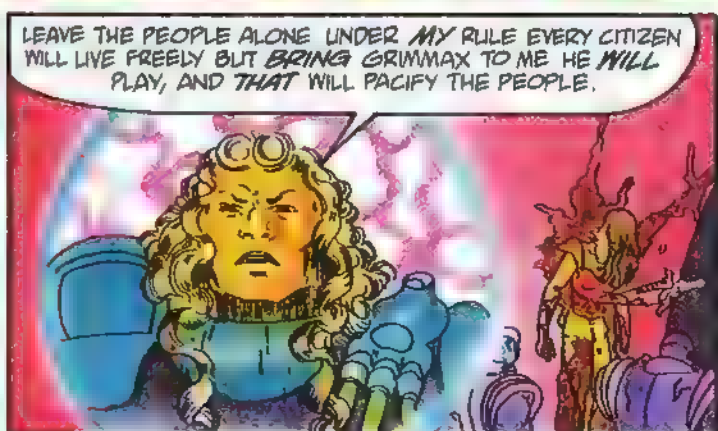
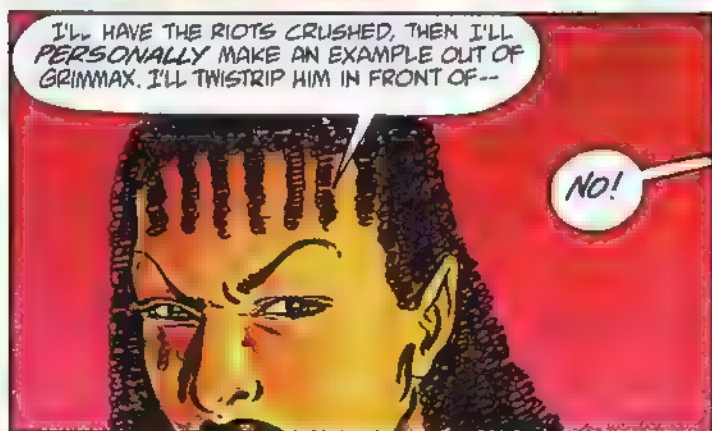
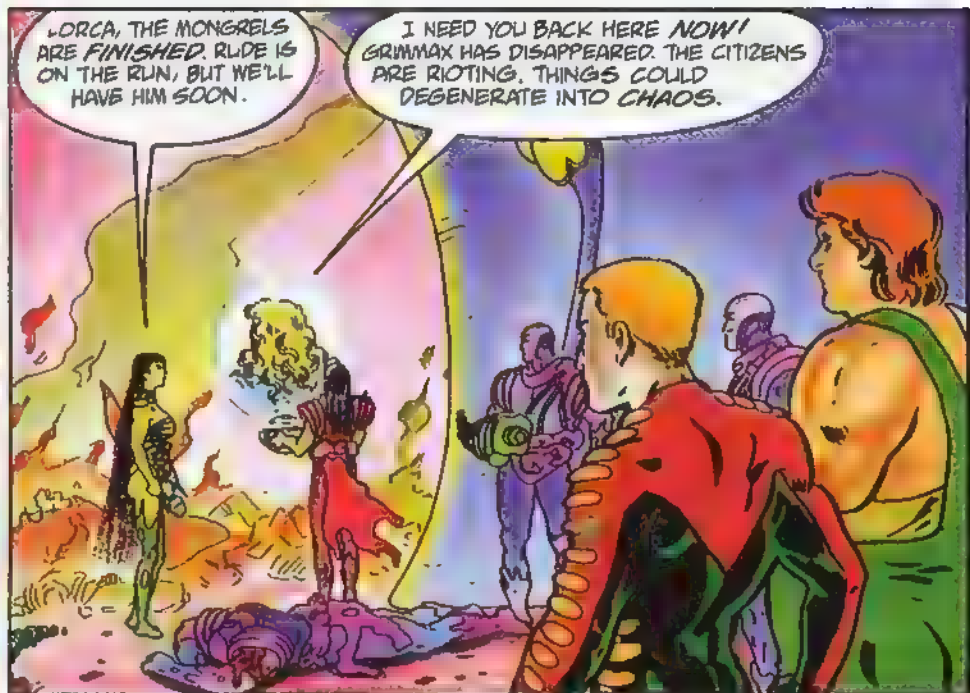
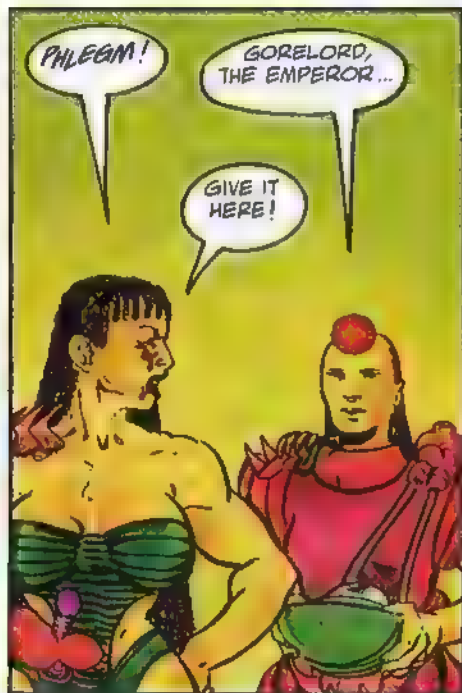
SHOULD
I MOP
UP, SUE?

DO WHAT YOU WANT, SHOOTER.
I LEAVE A SQUADRON OF GRIND-
ZOMS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

LEAVE RUDE FOR ME!
I'VE WAITED A LONG
TIME FOR THIS







THE SLOSH CLUB...

HEY!

UNSH...

DRINK.

HEY...
NICE...DU
BUDDY.

I'M SORRY...AH. I'LL HELP.
JUST STOP...STOP THE VOICES...

DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT...

YOU CAN'T ABANDON US!
WE'RE A TEAM! YOU'RE
OUR...NC HEAD BUDDY!

DON'T CUT OFF OUR
HEAD! :SNIFF:

DON'T...DON'T YA WANNA
WIN...CHAMPIONSSHHHUP?

NO.

THINK FOR YOURSELF I'M
SICK OF TEAMS. THIS ENTIRE
ORG IS ONE SICK TEAM.

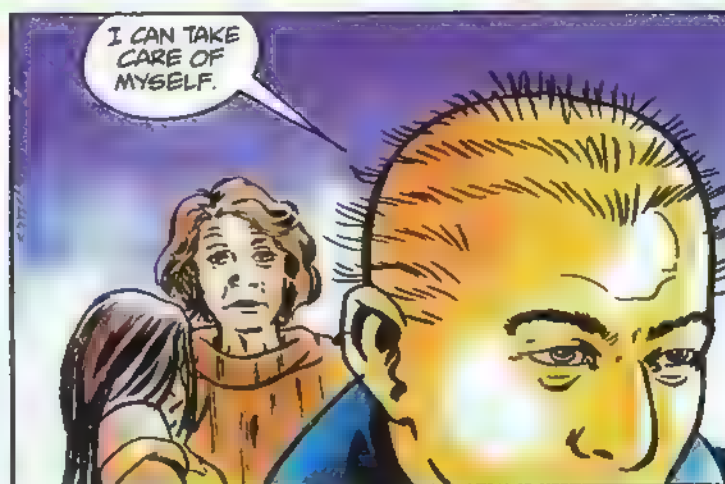
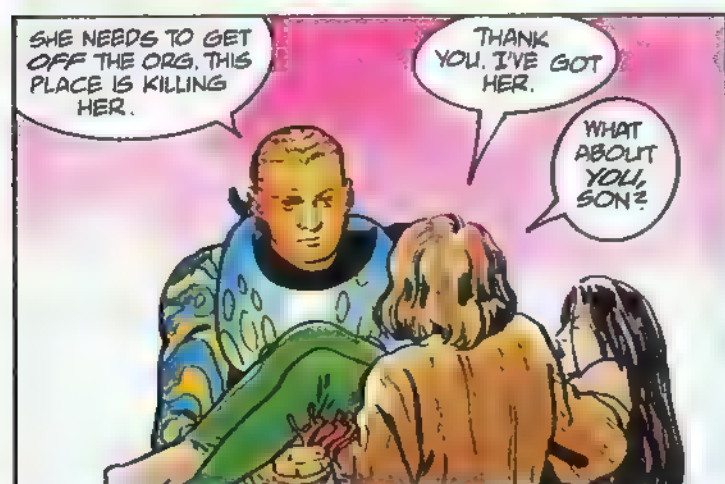
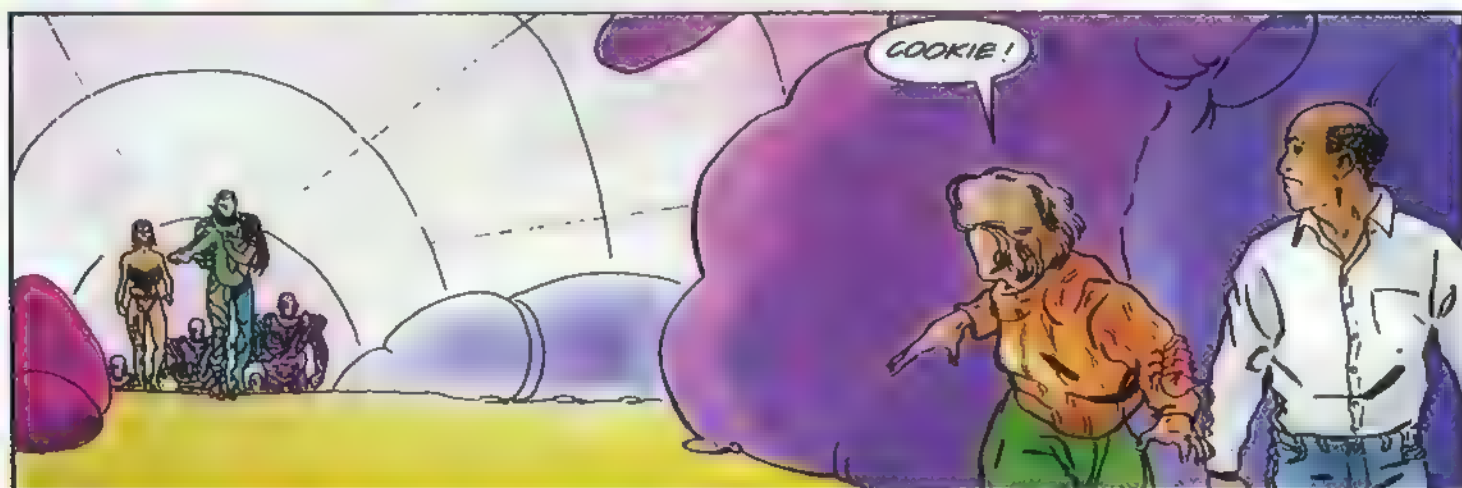
POOR HEAD
:BRUUP:

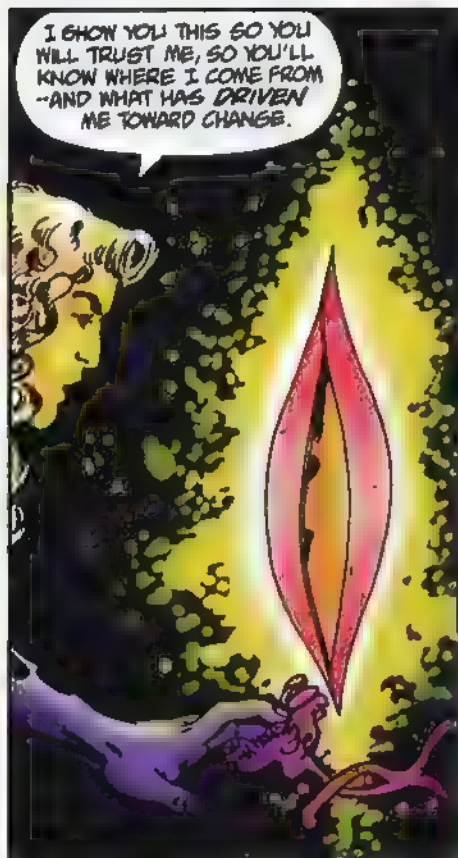
I DON'T
HAVE TIME
FOR THIS.

GRIMMAX!

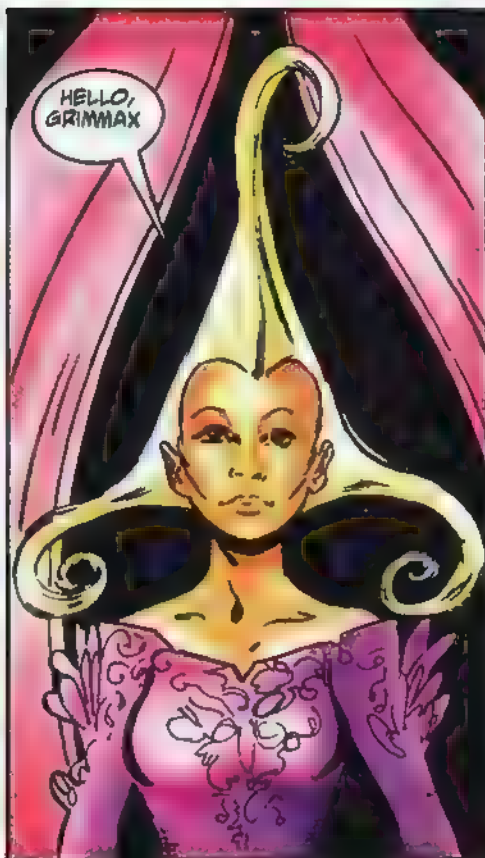
THE EMPEROR
WOULD LIKE A
WORD WITH YOU

THE GRAND PALACE OF EMPEROR LORCA...

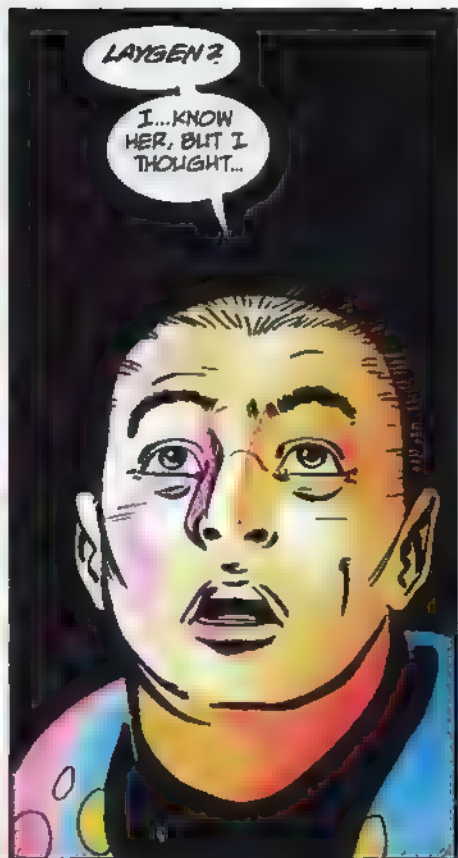




I SHOW YOU THIS SO YOU WILL TRUST ME, SO YOU'LL KNOW WHERE I COME FROM --AND WHAT HAS DRIVEN ME TOWARD CHANGE.

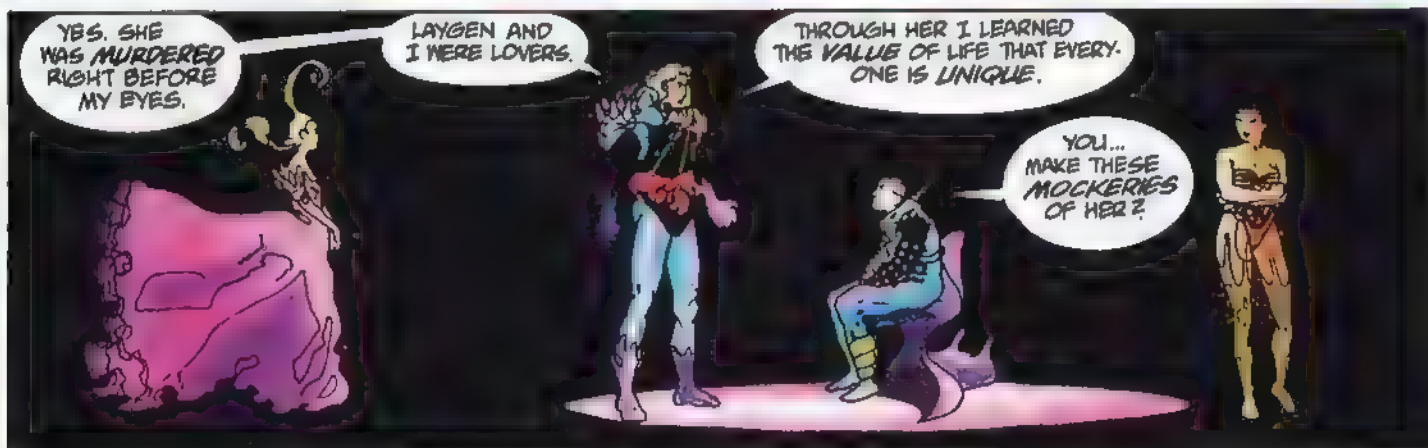


HELLO, GRIMMAX



LAYGEN?

I...KNOW HER, BUT I THOUGHT...



YES. SHE WAS MURDERED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES.

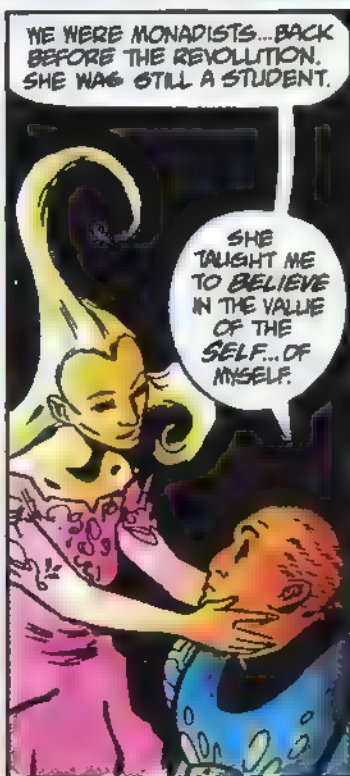
LAYGEN AND I WERE LOVERS.

THROUGH HER I LEARNED THE VALUE OF LIFE THAT EVERY ONE IS UNIQUE.

YOU... MAKE THESE MOCKERIES OF HER?



I MAKE CLONES...TO HONOR HER MEMORY.



WE WERE MONADISTS...BACK BEFORE THE REVOLUTION. SHE WAS STILL A STUDENT.

SHE TAUGHT ME TO BELIEVE IN THE VALUE OF THE SELF...OF MYSELF.

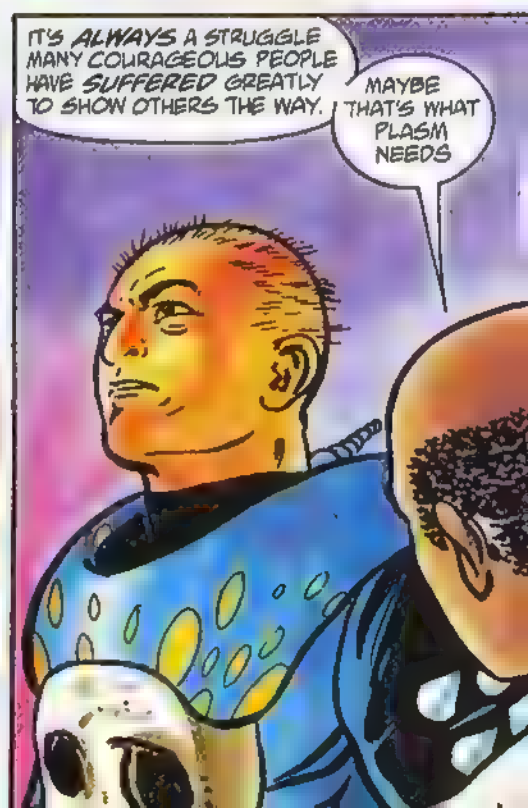
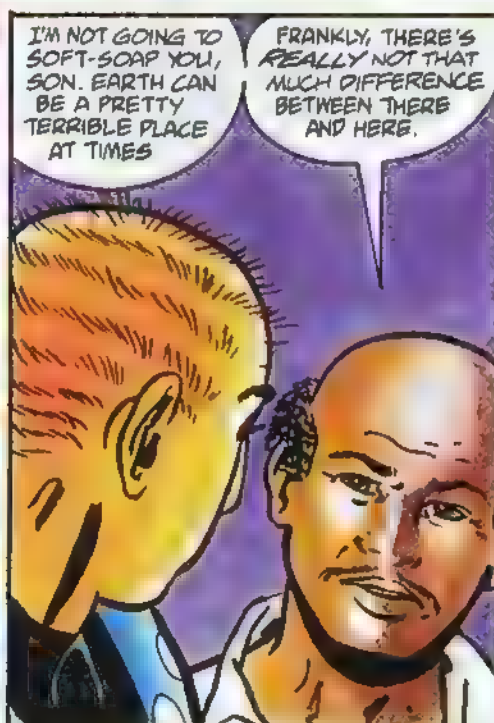
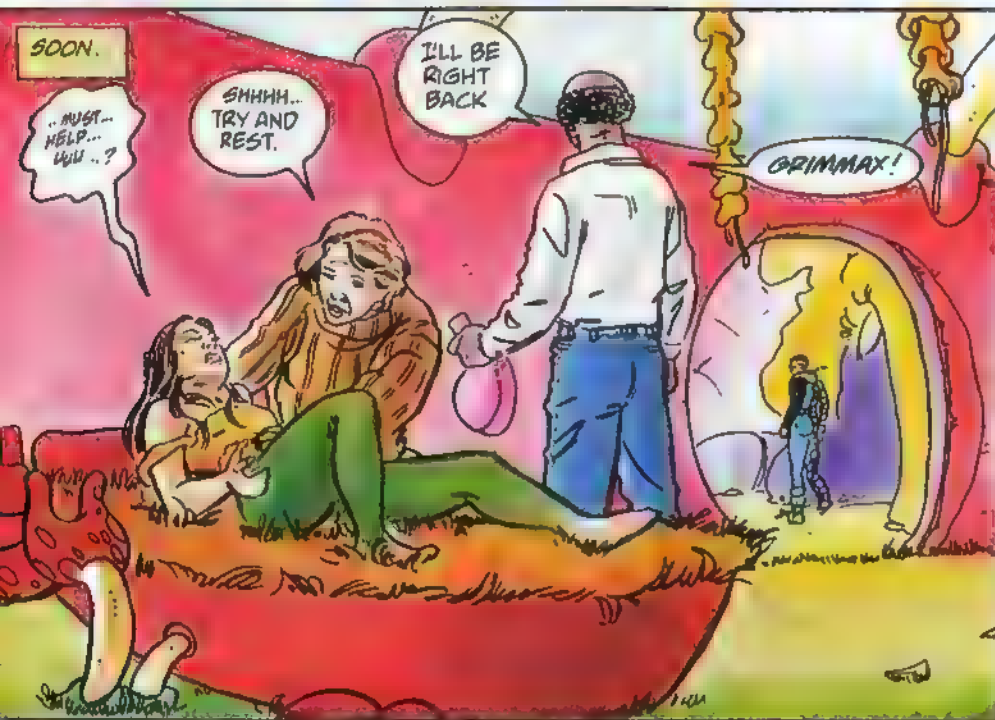
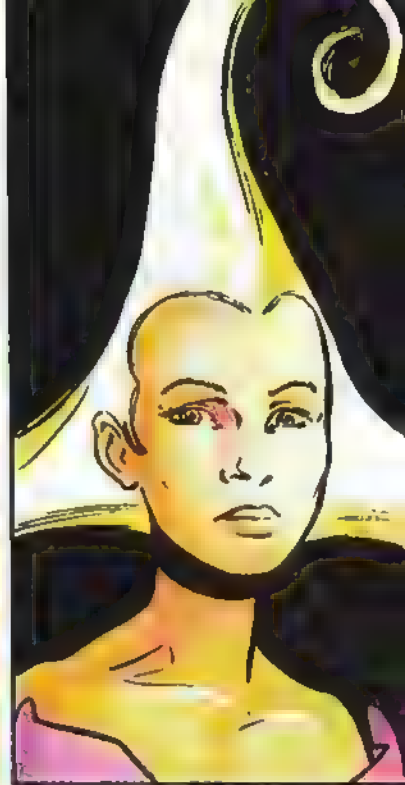
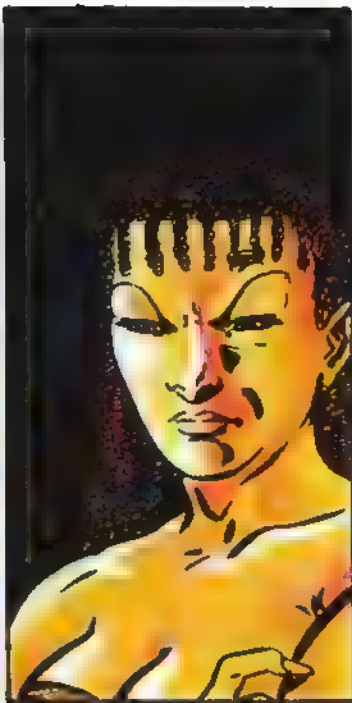
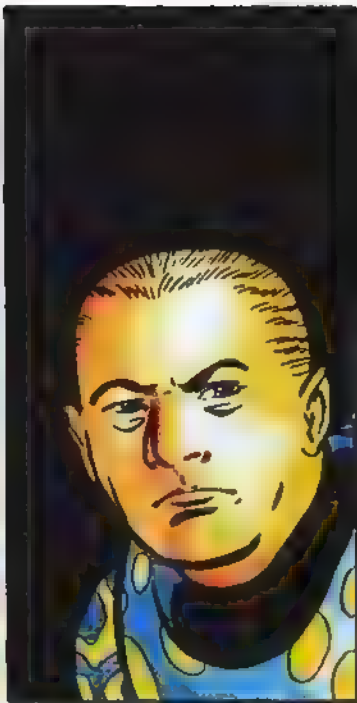
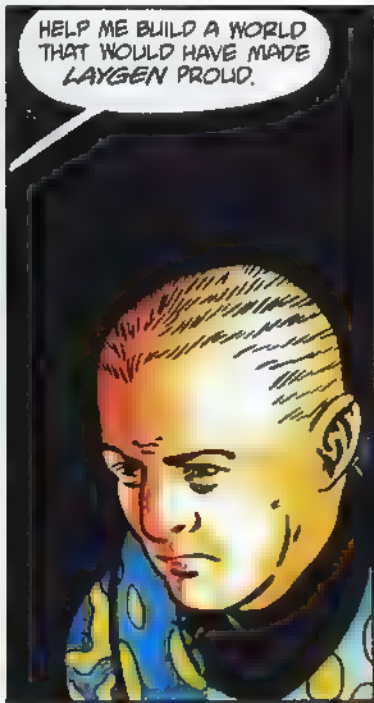


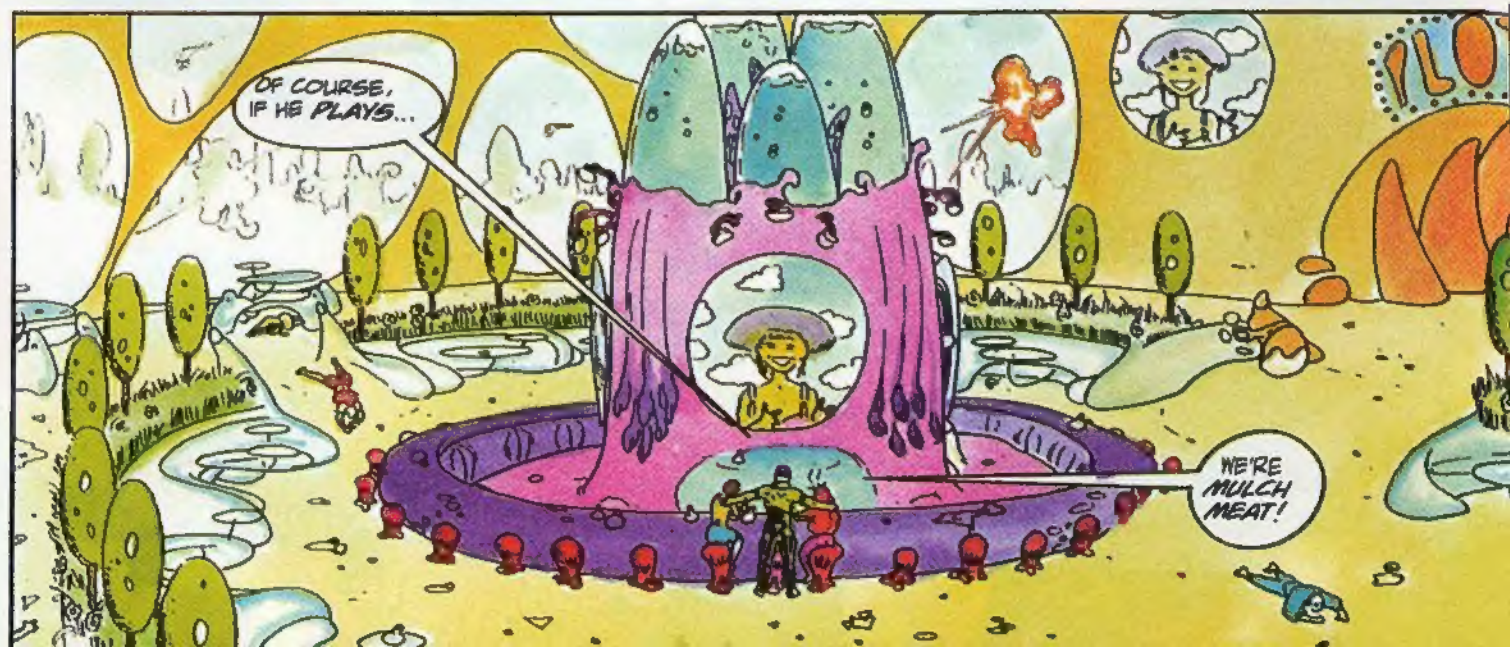
YOU MUST TEACH OTHERS.



WE ARE VERY ALIKE, YOU AND I. YOU MUST BELIEVE IN ME. IF YOU DON'T, MILLIONS WILL DIE.

OTHERS COULD TAKE POWER. MONGREL RUDE...OR WORSE. DON'T QUIT ON ME NOW--NOT WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE.





DAYS LATER...

WELCOME TO THE
SPLATTERDOME!

TODAY THE SKULLRENDERS
BATTLE THE BLOODHONEYES
FOR THE RIGHT TO BE CALLED
"ORG CHAMPION"!

BUT THE BIG
QUESTION REMAINS...
THE GREAT GRIMMAX:
WILL HE OR
WON'T HE?







LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

